

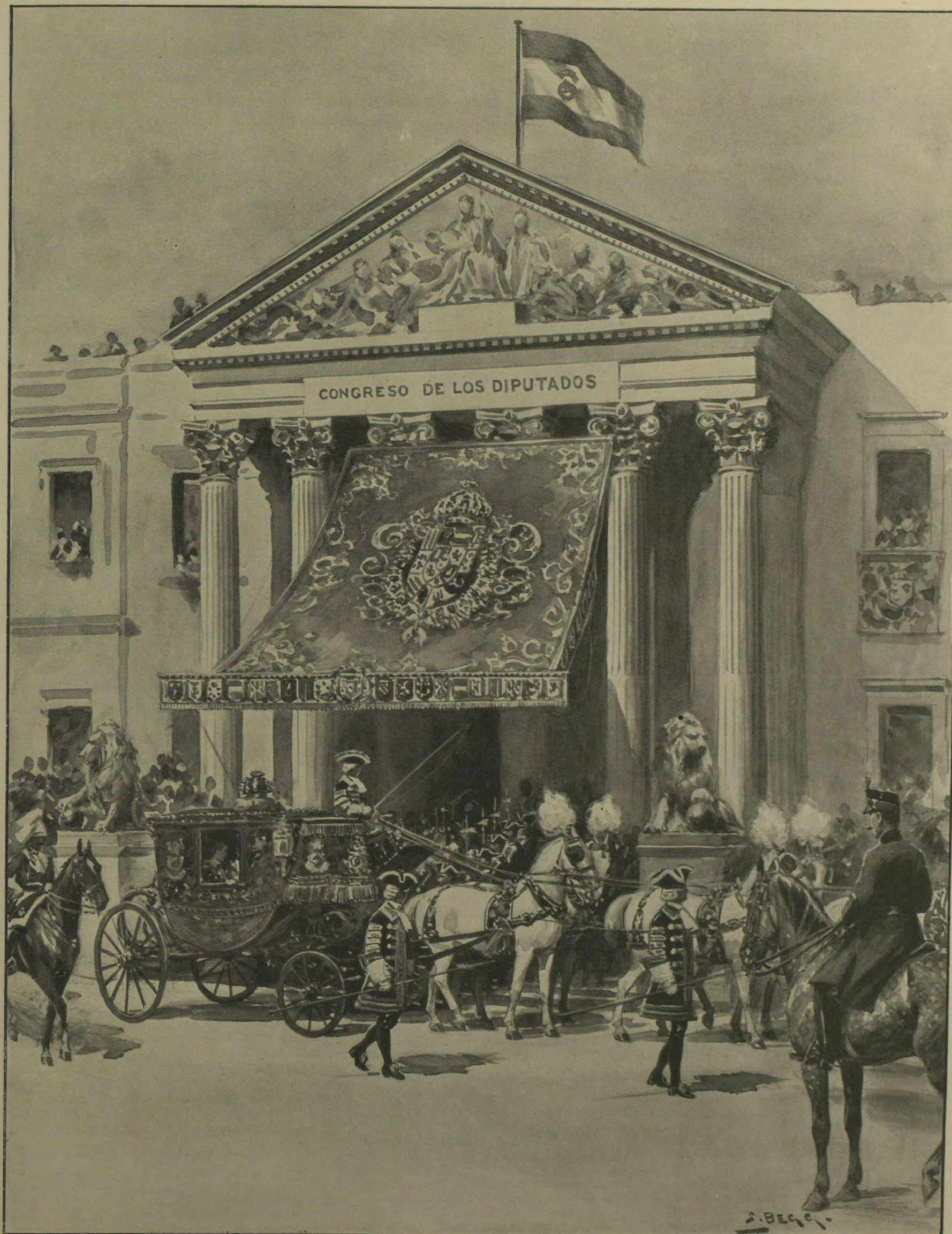
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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No. 3292 —VOL. CXX

SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



THE ACCESSION OF THE KING OF SPAIN: ALFONSO XIII. ARRIVING AT THE CONGRESS OF DEPUTIES TO TAKE THE OATH, MAY 17.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG FROM A SKETCH BY J. S. MACLAREN, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT MADRID.

The King was accompanied in his carriage by his mother, Maria Christina, who thus made her last appearance as Queen Regent.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

As the Coronation approaches, it is fitting that our transports should be chastened by so old a prophet as Professor Goldwin Smith. Do you cherish the belief that England is still a constitutional monarchy, and that King Edward will sustain the tradition of prudence he has inherited from his illustrious mother? If so, my friend, you imagine a vain thing. Professor Goldwin Smith has discovered a plot to set up a "Bourbon despotism." It has gone so far that it is supported by the "monarchical masses against the democratic intelligence of the middle class." The cyclists you observed on Whit Monday whirling joyously along country lanes, or hastening from town to the nearest race-meeting, are all in it. If you had listened attentively you would have heard them crying, "The Emperor for ever!" Mr. Goldwin Smith, who lives in Toronto, can hear that quite distinctly. Now I think of it, a band of cyclists I met on the Richmond road greeted some stalwart janissaries in khaki with a cry that sounded uncommonly like "Good old Cæsar!" And yet the democratic middle class, despite their intelligence, pay no heed to these demonstrations, and it is left to Mr. Goldwin Smith, far away in Toronto, to point out our imminent peril.

"It is proposed," he says in a pamphlet which you can buy for half-a-crown, "to change the wording of the National Anthem, and for 'our gracious King' to replace 'our lord, the King.'" Bless me, and I never heard of it! But we do know that the decision of the Queen to abolish the Court train—"the twenty yarder," as it is called in a popular lyric—was suddenly revoked, and that the Lord Chamberlain, at a moment's notice, intimated to palpitating ladies about to attend the Court at Buckingham Palace that dresses should be worn as long as ever. I am informed that a number of beautiful damsels, who had ordered their robes in accordance with the earlier decree, fainted on the spot, and were not consoled by the Lord Chamberlain's postscript that ladies who had no time to prepare their "twenty yarders" would be received at Court without displeasure. Now, what was the cause of this remarkable change of front? (I hope no flippant correspondent will remind me that trains are worn behind.) Why was an over-worked Lord Chamberlain put to all this trouble? Depend upon it, the King had received an intimation from Mr. John Burns that the "monarchical masses" expected a "Bourbon despotism" to behave itself "as sich." No ceremony was to be curtailed, no Court beauty to be shorn of her magnificence. Such was the mandate of Battersea; and if you knew Mr. Burns's constituency as well as Mr. Goldwin Smith knows it, you would not be surprised at its passion for Imperial trimmings.

I have been in Toronto, and I do not remember that it struck me as a foreign city. But Mr. Goldwin Smith tells us that "an English journalist, visiting a British colony, could say that he had never felt himself in so foreign a country." I suspect that he made this observation after a prolonged interview with the Professor. A fortnight ago there assembled at the Criterion Restaurant a large company of Colonial journalists, who showed no sign of being anywhere but at home. I suppose it was consummate artifice, but Mr. Clougher, of Toronto, made a fervid little speech in an accent that smacked strangely of these despotic Islands. (I will not name the Island, but a colleague of mine, who was listening with rapturous assent, murmured something about the first gem of the sea, and the first flower of the earth.) There were journalists from Australia—Mr. Brient, of Melbourne, Mr. Fairfax, of Sydney—who communed with us as if Sydney and Melbourne were on the banks of the Thames. But Mr. Goldwin Smith, had he been there, would have heard these dissemblers muttering, "Our foreign hosts have given us a good dinner, so let us speak them fair; but a time will come when Canada will be 'fused' with the United States, as the Toronto sage says in his pamphlet, of which we all have advance copies; when Australia will stretch out the hand of freedom to India, and we shall eat first-rate curry and Bombay duck at the table of a Hindu Washington; when a Dutch Cromwell will ask us to dine at Cape Town, and the Khedive, after a sumptuous repast, will show us relics of poor Lord Cromer at Cairo!"

Yes, says Mr. Goldwin Smith, the British Empire must break up. Where are the Romans? Where is Assyria? Mr. Andrew Carnegie, who endows free libraries without wasting his time in them, warns us that our "oppressive" rule in India cannot endure. The peoples we tread under foot must have self-government on the American plan. The Filipinos, for instance, must be allowed to create a Republic so that they may set up a Beef Trust with all convenient speed. It is reported that many Americans have turned vegetarians out of malicious spite against their Beef Trust; but the first article of the Filipino Declaration of Independence will make vegetarianism a penal offence. Mr. Carnegie is an original thinker who constructs his system of logic out of his own head, and not out of the musty treatises

to be found in free libraries. Having denounced our "oppressive" rule, he proposes to hand over to us those islands in the Philippine archipelago which are inhabited by "Mohammedans and heathens." Why this sudden confidence in our Bourbon despotism? Perhaps Mr. Carnegie wants to lure us into an enterprise which will prove to be the last straw for the patience of the world. Mr. Goldwin Smith declares that a European coalition must drive us out of the Mediterranean; and if we were to take any of the Filipinos off Mr. Carnegie's hands, "international morality" might gird itself for a supreme effort, and send the British Empire to roost in history with the ghost of Belshazzar.

The "gust of militarism" is still sweeping over us. It is understood that the Volunteers have triumphed over the heron and the pheasant, and will be free to execute their barbarous manœuvres in Richmond Park. I drove through the Park a few days ago, and it was as difficult to startle the deer in the road as it is to dislodge the pigeons from the pavement in Pall Mall. When the Volunteers muster for the overthrow of our liberties, the fawns will prance down the line with innocent enjoyment. The pheasant and the heron, no doubt, will hold aloof; so will the gentleman who laments in a letter to the *Spectator* that never again will he see the pheasant "flaunting its jewelled plumage in the sun." Hitherto this spectacle has rejoiced his eyes in Richmond Park; instead of it he will behold there the horrid panoply of war, the sinister plumage of that "militarism" which will presently be our ruin. This gentleman in the *Spectator* loves to track the heron, and watch it fishing. Of that rare and beautiful sight he will be robbed by the martial cohorts and the "monarchical masses" in their train. I admire his taste, and also the fine sense of proportion which makes him and his like such remarkable judges of national interests.

"What odd people the British are in war-time!" says a genial observer in South Africa who has been telling us how the Boer delegates at Pretoria were taught to play bridge by a thoughtful British officer. Christian De Wet took a particular fancy to the game. I can hear the thoughtful British officer remarking: "This will be a pleasant recreation for you when our fellows are chasing you again, and have lost the trail. You can sit down quietly in a donga and play bridge while we are dancing over the veldt in a frenzy." It seems that his entertainers at Pretoria provided De Wet with two new saddles, two suits, and three dozen of whisky. Should that nice little picnic at Vereeniging end in a renewal of hostilities, "Chrissy," as Mr. Atkins loves to call him, will be a new man, within and without, at our expense, and will find saddles, clothes, whisky, and bridge most serviceable for a winter campaign. When the whisky is exhausted, another peace mission to Pretoria will easily procure a fresh supply, and the thoughtful British officer will be delighted to test his pupil's progress in the most fascinating of rubbers.

What will our old friend the "civilised world" say to this? The concentration camps are no longer any use to people who want to screech. I would suggest to the "civilised world" that the attempt to corrupt Christian De Wet by teaching him an infamous method of gambling at cards, and by giving him three dozen of whisky, is another proof that the British Empire is on a moral level with Timour the Tartar. It is true that Timour was not acquainted with either bridge or whisky; but the noble wrath of the "civilised world" need not stoop to pettifogging accuracy in its historical parallels. I make this suggestion with perfect confidence that it will be adopted. Did I not predict recently that somebody would discover Cecil Rhodes to have been a Jesuit? The hint was caught up at once, and bore fruit in a solemn letter in a serious journal from a writer who signed himself "Logic." I hope he will note the damning proofs of our plot against the innocence of "Chrissy." When that simple man proposed to carry the whisky bottles slung round his waist, the thoughtful British officer recited to him by way of warning the ballad of "John Gilpin"!

A correspondent asks me whether I have any moral theory to account for the desolating fierceness of volcanoes. I have none; but let him ponder the argument of some moralists that the destruction of life in Martinique and St. Vincent is providentially intended to brace our inventive energy to cope with the forces of Nature. Sir Norman Lockyer attributes volcanic eruptions to the operation of sun-spots; so we must correct them at once. Science must fill craters with some substance warranted not to ignite. While we are about it, we may as well suppress earthquakes and chain up tornados. Does my correspondent feel any doubt as to the capacity of man to control the solar influence and subdue any explosive forces that remain under the crust of our planet? Hitherto I have been content with the humble assumption that when it comes to a fight between man and Nature, man must be reduced in a fraction of a second to pulp or a cinder. If Nature were to send a tidal wave a hundred feet high round the globe, what would become of our scientific contrivances?

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"STILL WATERS" REVIVED AT WYNDHAM'S.

That forty-seven-year-old play of Tom Taylor's, "Still Waters Run Deep," the original of innumerable later stage-stories of foolish wife, villainous lover, and vigilant husband, was revived last week at Wyndham's Theatre, and met with a very favourable reception; but not even an exceptionally strong cast could do more than galvanise into a semblance of vitality a melodrama so preposterously antiquated in its mechanism. Its big two-men scene, however, in which the husband routs the villain, still retains a certain theatrical effectiveness, and compels attention at Wyndham's, thanks mainly to Mr. Lewis Waller, who as the truculent adventurer, Hawksley, acts with welcome vigour and sincerity. The "comedy's" other chief interpreters, apart from Mr. Alfred Bishop, the new and delightful representative of that elderly droll, Mr. Potter, remain as in the '89 Criterion revival—Mr. Charles Wyndham playing again John Mildmay with his old authoritativeness and restraint, Mrs. Bernard Beere repeating her memorable if now over-subdued impersonation of the discarded amorist, Mrs. Sternhold; and Miss Mary Moore reappearing as the weak-willed Mrs. Mildmay.

A NEW AFTER-PIECE AT THE GARRICK.

On Whit Monday evening Mr. Arthur Bouchier added to an already delightful entertainment, consisting of Mr. Anthony Hope's witty and plausible political comedy, "Pilkerton's Peerage," a new comediotta of Mr. R. C. Carton's, as after-piece, entitled "The Ninth Waltz." This is a pleasant and happily ending little duologue, exhibiting the ball-room encounter of two long-parted sweethearts, and affording just sufficient scope to the piquantly contrasted talents of Miss Violet Vanbrugh and Mr. Arthur Bouchier. Mr. Anthony Hope's clever play, with its pretty combination of smart dialogue, caustic satire, and engaging sentiment, fully merits its success, and is well acted as ever by a company which includes Miss Eva Moore, Mrs. Maesmore Morris, Mr. H. V. Esmond, Mr. Maurice, Mr. Jerrold Robertshaw, and Mr. Bouchier, all most happily cast.

THE HIPPODROME'S PROGRAMME.

In a week wherein every West-End variety theatre offers special engagements—"brilliant" turns, "grand attractions," "marvellous sensations," and "the programme of London"—the Hippodrome still maintains its special character and high reputation. True, Mr. Mendel, the wonderful pianist, is gone; but Mr. Gifford, the one-legged cyclist, still makes his thrilling and perilous seventy-feet dive from the roof to the inundated floor of the building. Now, too, there is a new "star," the "great" Everhart, a clever hoop-manipulator; as well as Vanola, a Mexican antipodiste, and Madame Marion Eils, a lightning sculptor in soap. Well-established favourites like Colonel Bordeverry's troupe of rifle-shooters still secure enthusiastic applause, and the customary performing-animal feature is represented by Mr. Eph. Thomson's elephants. With clowns, equilibrists, a *haute école* rider (Mdlle. Lilly de Baroutchy), and the Edisonograph, the Hippodrome bill certainly does not err on the side of monotony.

WHIT-WEEK ENTERTAINMENTS IN THE SUBURBAN THEATRES.

Melodrama would seem the most popular Whitsuntide fare with suburban theatre-goers. Even the programmes provided by touring West-End managers this week, "The Only Way," which Mr. Martin Harvey is playing at the Camden, and "Sweet Nell of Old Drury," which Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson present at the Borough, Stratford, possess a highly romantic quality. Meantime, at the Coronet, the Grand, Islington, the Shakespeare, Clapham, and the Grand, Fulham, sensational plays are securing full holiday patronage; "The Great Millionaire," "The Silver King," "The Price of Peace," and "Sherlock Holmes" being the respective attractions, while at half-a-dozen other outlying theatres even more lurid melodrama has obtained hearty acceptance. A few houses, however, devote themselves to lighter entertainment. "Morocco Bound," forerunner of modern musical farce, is being represented at the Alexandra, Stoke Newington; "The Silver Slipper" is displayed at the Crown, Peckham; and "La Poupée," genuine opera-bouffe, finds a home at the Duchess's, Balham. But it is the Kennington Theatre, perhaps, that boasts the brightest and merriest show of all, for at this house an excellent company is appearing in the latest and most diverting of all the Gaiety successes, "The Toreador."

In aid of French charity in London, a grand bazaar will be held at the French Embassy on June 10 and 11 under the patronage of King Edward and Queen Alexandra. Many great ladies have consented to act as stall-holders. On the three days following the bazaar grand battles of flowers, carnivals, lantern fêtes, and illuminated processions will be held in "Paris in London" at Earl's Court, and 150 magnificent banners will be awarded to the successful competitors. The Prince and Princess of Wales are patrons.

A MODERN TOURNAMENT.

May 16 saw a return to the pageantry of chivalry at Budapest, when a tournament with all the mediæval accessories was celebrated before the Emperor Francis Joseph and the members of the imperial family. The period selected for reproduction was that of King Mathias Corvinus, and every endeavour had been made to render accurately the archæological detail. The spacious Tattersall arena had been transformed so as to represent the courtyard of a baronial castle, and the performance opened with the entrance of the heralds preceded by trumpeters, and followed by a hunting party. Equestrian feats were performed by officers of the Hussars in ancient costume, and after a quadrille on horseback the tournament proper began. The jousting was carried out according to the traditions of King René of Naples, and was presided over by the Archduke Otto, as King of the Tournament. Ten knights in steel armour tilted at each other with lances, and the victors were presented by the heralds to the Archduchesses Augusta and Elizabeth, from whom they received wreaths of laurel. Homage to the Emperor concluded the ceremony. The Hungarian chivalric festival was attended with greater success than was the last revival of the tourney in this country. It took place, as many will remember, at Eglinton, and a gallant attempt to revive the splendours of the joust was rendered almost ineffective by unpropitious weather.

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HOSPITAL SUNDAY, JUNE 15.

PATRON—HIS MAJESTY THE KING.

30th year.

COLLECTED £1,116,362.

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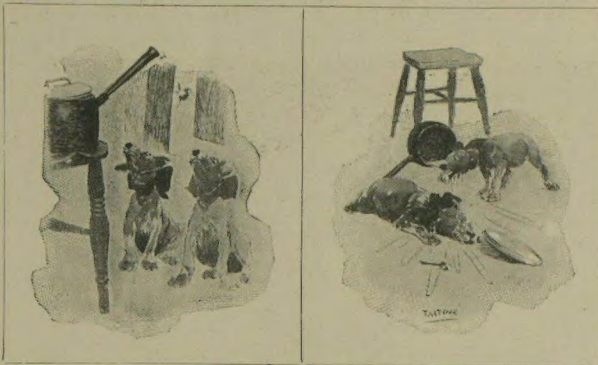
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THE CORONATION DECORATIONS OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE: BRITISH SOVEREIGNS
MODELLED BY SOUTH KENSINGTON STUDENTS.



ELIZABETH.



DESIGN FOR THE SUPPORTS OF THE BUSTS.



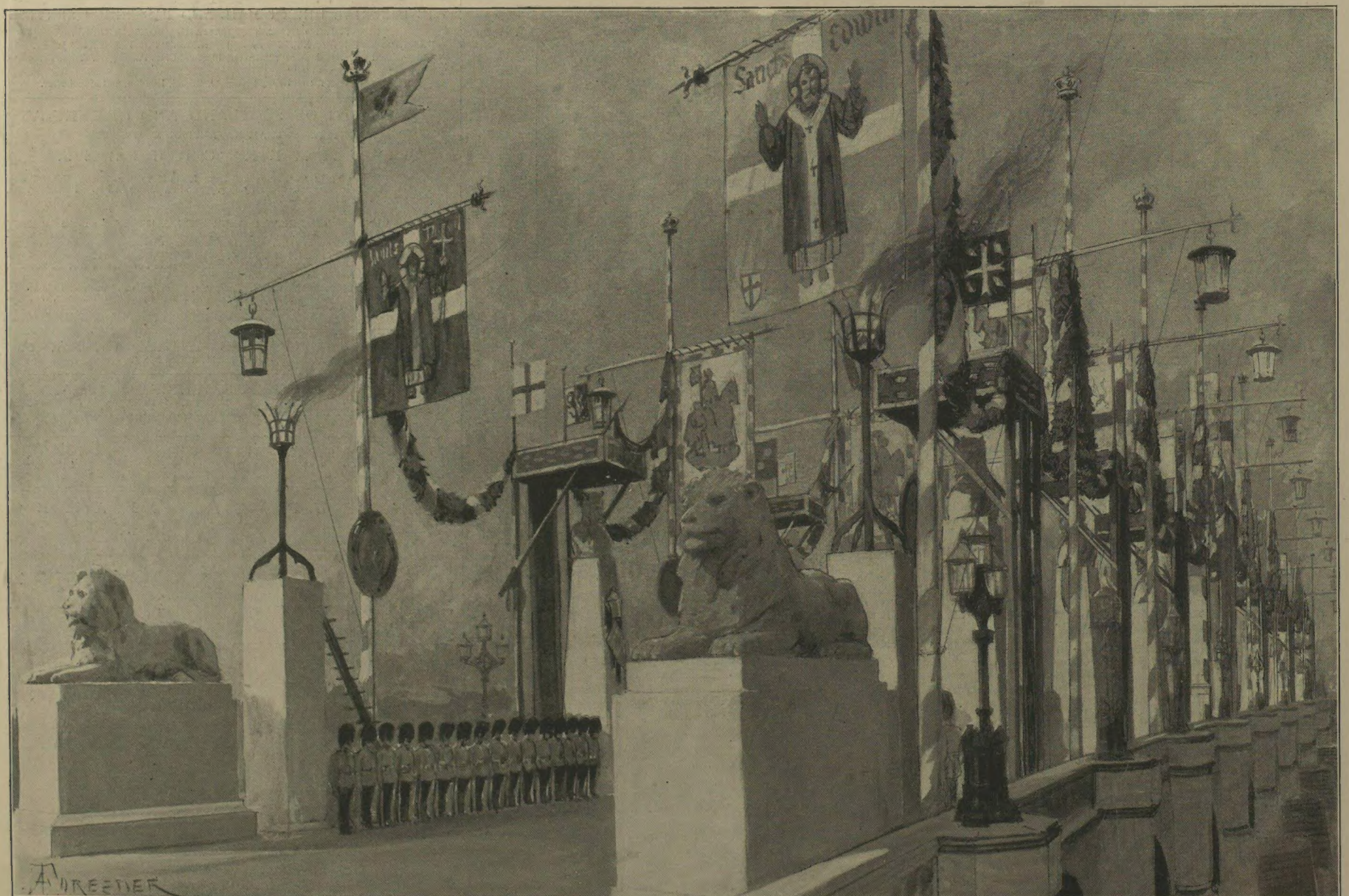
VICTORIA.



WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.



ALFRED THE GREAT.



THE ACCEPTED SCHEME (SUBJECT TO MODIFICATION) FOR THE DECORATION OF WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

DRAWN BY A. FORESTIER.

THE REIGN OF SUSPICION AT YILDIZ KIOSK.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.



SEALING UP THE SULTAN'S DINNER IN THE KITCHENS AT YILDIZ.

To protect the Sultan from possible poisoning, the most rigorous precautions are taken in the preparation of his food. The palace officials visit the kitchen to inspect the dishes, which are tasted and then sealed up with a long ribbon, the ends of which are held by the major domo. Guards, reinforced by a strong armed escort, then carry the food to the imperial presence.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE KING OF SPAIN'S ACCESSION.

With the attaining of his sixteenth year, Alfonso XIII. of Spain has become constitutionally able to take the Kingly Oath, and has with great pomp and circumstance acceded to the throne of his father. Maria Christina, who during her son's minority has acted as Queen Regent, now demits that office, and retires into comparative obscurity as Queen Mother. On the afternoon of May 15, the foreign Princes representing great Powers arrived at Madrid. The Princes, including the Duke of Connaught (who sailed to Bilbao on board the *Victoria and Albert*), the Grand Duke Vladimir of Russia, Prince Albert (Regent of Brunswick), Prince Nicholas of Greece, Prince Eugen of Sweden, and the Crown Prince of Siam, were met at the Northern Station by the Prince of Asturias with a guard of honour. The resident Ambassadors and Ministers were also in attendance to welcome the visitors. Other royal representatives already in Madrid were the Archduke Eugen of Austria, the Duke of Genoa, and the Duke of Oporto, while France and Japan also sent envoys. Mr. Curry, representing the United States, brought to King Alfonso an affectionate letter from President Roosevelt. The missive, with its opening, "Great and good friend," recalls the quandary in which Queen Victoria was placed when she first had occasion to write to the President of the United States. It is said that her Majesty's Ministers lost three nights' sleep over the matter, until some happy inspiration suggested that the letter be opened with the words, "My very good friend." On the morning of May 16 the Duke of Connaught formally invested the King of Spain with the Order of the Garter. The Special Mission, escorted by a guard of honour, proceeded to the royal presence at eleven o'clock. The Duke of Connaught, who acted for Garter King of Arms, was supported by General Sir Frederic Forestier-Walker and Admiral Sir Edward Seymour, who bore the Collar and the Garter, while the Duke of Wellington carried the Riband and the George. King



NEW DRILL-HALL AT SLOUGH PRESENTED TO THE 1ST BUCKS RIFLE VOLUNTEERS BY MR. ELLIMAN.

and the laws. The President next proclaimed that the Cortes had received the oath, and a salute of twenty-one guns signalled the event.

The King then left the Chamber and proceeded to the Cathedral of San Francisco el Grande, where a solemn "Te Deum" was sung. In the evening the city was illuminated. The King made a favourable impression upon his subjects, and his reception by the populace was fairly enthusiastic. Don Carlos has contented himself with issuing a protest against the young monarch, whom he terms the "usurper."

THE CORONATION CARPET.

From the west door of Westminster Abbey to the raised platform or "theatre" under the lantern, the King will tread on Coronation Day upon a rich carpet which has been woven for the occasion in the looms

magazine, and heating-chamber. The drill-hall is fitted with apparatus for gymnastic purposes. The sergeant-instructor's residence has been furnished by Mrs. James Elliman. The opening ceremony was performed on May 20 by Colonel Alfred Gilbey.

EDWARD THE ELDER'S MILLENNARY.

Kingston-on-Thames is fortunate in being able to have a Coronation festivity of its own, for it was originally the place of consecration of the Saxon Kings, and it happens most opportunely that just one thousand years ago on Whit Sunday, Edward the Elder, son of Alfred the Great, was solemnly anointed King in the ancient borough. Accordingly, on May 19 the Whit Monday holiday was turned into a joyous celebration in honour of the Saxon's memory. There were many accessories to the pageant which would have surprised Edward the Elder, notably the Fire Brigade, the Church Lads' Brigade, and a skeleton on horseback representing the hero of the day, and labelled, with some dim intuition of humour, "the Elder's resurrection." The usual trades procession, with emblematic cars and workmen in the performance of their official duties, played a large part in the programme. A military tournament and old English sports rounded the day's amusements. The may-pole dance was unfortunately spoiled by torrents of rain.



THE CORONATION CARPET FOR WESTMINSTER ABBEY: ONE OF THE SECTIONS.

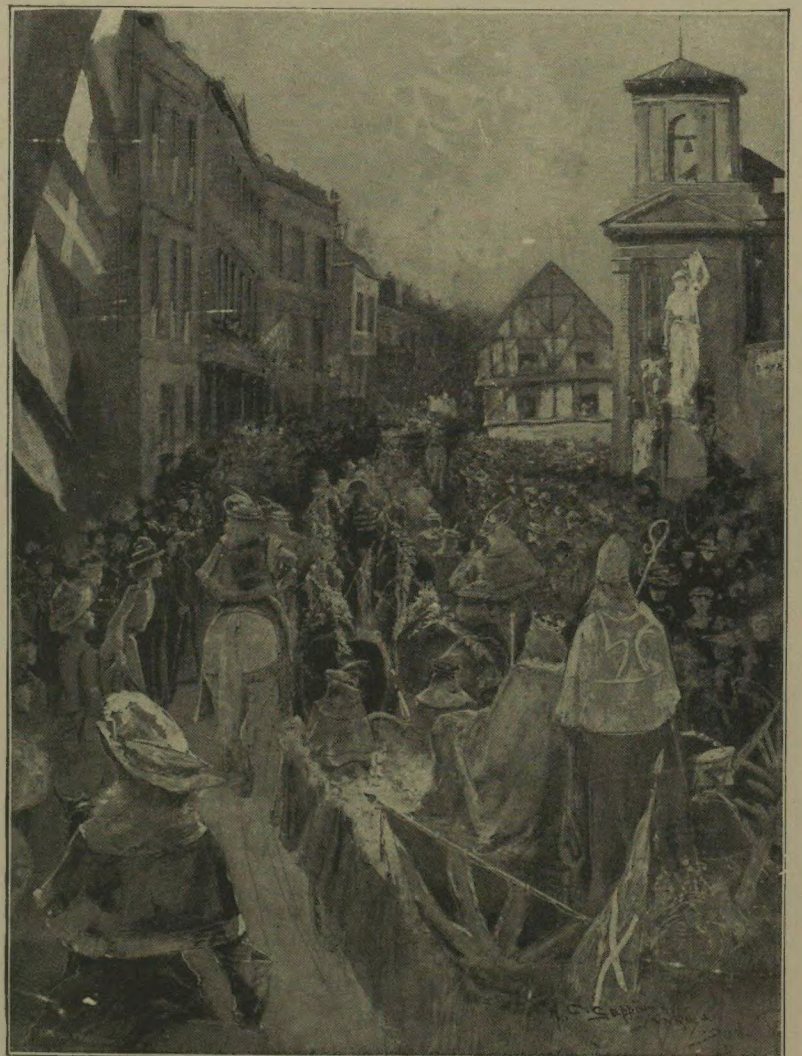
Alfonso, wearing the uniform of a Colonel of Halberdiers, was accompanied by his mother, and awaited the embassy in a saloon opening upon the Salon de los Embajadores. The Duke, speaking in French, explained the objects of the mission, and after a reply from the King in the same language, his Royal Highness performed the ceremony of investiture. As the mission entered and retired, the Halberdiers' band played the British National Anthem. The following day a gorgeous procession escorted the King from the palace to the Cortes. Just as the King's carriage was leaving the Plaza de Armas, an alarming incident occurred. A lunatic named José Puch thrust his way towards the King and threw his hat and a petition into the carriage. It appeared that this crazy person imagined himself in love with the Infanta Maria Teresa, and on several former occasions had tried to approach her. His desire was to implore the King to favour his addresses. At first the rumour flew abroad that an attempt had been made upon the monarch's life, and the excitement ran very high. The King behaved with great coolness throughout, kicked the paper out of the carriage, and expressed his compassion for the unfortunate man, who was at once arrested.

At the Congress of Deputies the King and the Queen Regent were received by the Senators and Deputies standing. When the Queen Regent had given the order to be seated, the President of the Congress, the Marquess de la Vega de Armijo, advanced to the throne and announced that the Cortes were ready to receive his Majesty's oath. He then presented a copy of the Gospels, upon which the King laid his right hand and swore to keep the Constitution

of Worcester. Owing to the tremendous size of the carpet (the area is 2115 square feet) the work has been executed in sections, nine feet in width, and with a total length of 235 ft. The design, which is carried out in two shades of mandarin blue, is composed of the rose, the thistle, the shamrock, the crown, with the badge and motto of the Order of the Garter. The carpet has been woven by Messrs. Edward Webb and Sons, of Worcester.

NEW DRILL-HALL AT SLOUGH.

The new drill-hall and club buildings for the 1st Bucks Rifle Volunteers at Slough, presented to the regiment by Mr. James Elliman, have been carried out mainly by Mr. Bowyer, of Slough, from the designs and under the supervision of Messrs. Ravenscroft, Son, and Morris, architects, of Reading. The buildings, which have cost the generous donor £7000, are in style an adaptation of the architecture known as "Queen Anne," and the materials used are stone, terra-cotta, brick, and slate. Attached to the hall are the armoury,



THE MILLENNARY OF EDWARD THE ELDER'S CORONATION: CELEBRATIONS AT KINGSTON-ON-THAMES ON WHIT MONDAY.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, H. C. SEPPINGS WRIGHT.

PERSONAL.

Alfonso XIII., son of the late King Alfonso XII. and Maria Christina, daughter of the late Karl Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, was born on May 17, 1886, after his father's death, and immediately succeeded his eldest sister as ruler of Spain. A few hours after his birth he was presented to the great officials and grandees of Spain upon a silver salver; when a year old he opened his first Cortes from the security of his nurse's arms; and a year later he sat on a throne to inaugurate the Barcelona Exhibition.

It is said that on leaving Westminster Abbey for Buckingham Palace after the ceremony of the Coronation, the King and Queen will not wear their crowns. This will disappoint general expectation. It was the only chance we had of seeing a British Sovereign with his crown on, and thus realising the dreams of childhood.

The resignation of M. Waldeck-Rousseau must be a serious loss to France, for he it was who did more

than any other of her statesmen to quell the Nationalist reaction, and to pour oil upon the sea of trouble raised by the trial of Captain Dreyfus. Pierre Marie Waldeck-Rousseau was born in 1846, and was the son of a distinguished politician. He is one of the most popular advocates in Paris, and has figured in scores of sensational cases—notably, the action arising from the Panama Canal scandal, when he defended

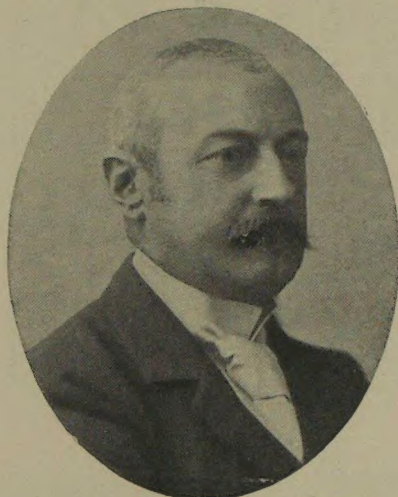


Photo. Pivou, Paris.

M. WALDECK-ROUSSEAU,
Retiring from the Premiership of France.

M. de Lesseps. He first practised at Rennes after the war of 1870, and was elected Deputy for that place in 1879.

It looks as if M. Waldeck-Rousseau were resigning with a view of becoming a candidate for the Presidency. Should he succeed M. Loubet, he will unquestionably be the strongest President the Republic has had, for he will give the office a personal authority no former President has enjoyed. The elections have secured for the Republic a commanding majority which is gall and wormwood to all intriguers.

The news of Queen Wilhelmina's progress towards recovery is most reassuring. There can be no doubt that her life has been saved largely by her own unconquerable spirit. Nowhere has this given greater satisfaction than in England.

A large sum was borrowed in London on the strength of the imaginary millions in the Humbert safe. Several insurance companies and banks will lose thousands. The chairman of one important company, having examined the documents, refused to have anything to do with the loan. He expressed the opinion that the famous safe was empty, and he was supposed by some shrewd financiers in the City to be too clever by half. His penetration saved his company from a loss of £20,000.

The Rev. Robert William Radclyffe Dolling, Vicar of St. Saviour's, Poplar, "the great,

dullest parish in London," as he himself once aptly described it, died on May 15, after an illness of a few weeks. "Father" Dolling, as he was usually called, was the son of an Irish land-agent, who sent him to Harrow, and, for a time, to Cambridge, where, however, he did not graduate. On leaving the University, he entered business, and as a layman he first gained experience of Church work in the East End.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE REV. R. W. R. DOLLING,
Vicar of St. Saviour's, Poplar.

Circumstances then made it necessary for him to resign this voluntary labour, and after studying at the Salisbury Theological College, he was ordained deacon in 1883, and licensed to the curacy of Corscombe, in Dorset. A few months later he returned to London, and was admitted to priest's orders in 1885, the same year witnessing his appointment as head of the Winchester College Mission at Landport. Here his advanced religious views caused numerous complaints, some parents fearing that their sons might follow Mr. Dolling's methods and beliefs too closely. Bishop Thorold took little notice of the missionary's practices, but the present Bishop protested, and Mr. Dolling's retirement in 1895 was the result. From that time he devoted himself to general mission work until, in 1898, he accepted the cure of St. Saviour's, and did his utmost to elevate the "ten thousand people, in one thousand one hundred houses, crouched into forty-four acres, all poor, many out of work," whose wants he advertised some eighteen months ago. He was rather more than fifty years of age at the time of his death.

Surgeon-Captain A. Martin-Leake, upon whom the King has signified his intention of bestowing the Victoria

Cross, earned the coveted decoration for his gallantry at Vlakkfontein on February 8 of this year. While the engagement was at its height he attended a wounded man under a heavy fire from a number of Boers within a hundred yards of the place at which he was at work. Later, he was thrice shot while endeavouring to place a wounded officer in a more comfortable position, but would not give in until he was utterly exhausted from loss of blood. Captain Leake refused to take water until eight other wounded had been satisfied, thus recalling the devotion of Sir Philip Sidney.

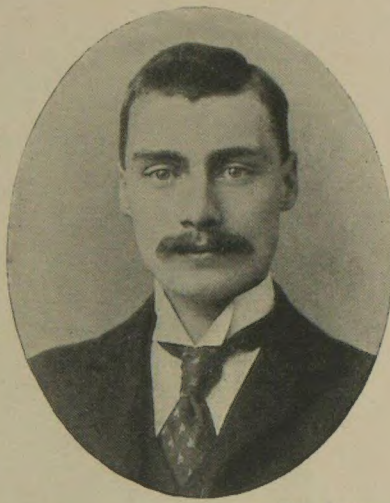


Photo. Bassano.

SURGEON-CAPTAIN A. MARTIN-LEAKE,
Awarded the V.C. for Gallantry at Vlakkfontein.

Photo. Franzen, Madrid.

ALFONSO XIII.

IN THE UNIFORM OF A CAPTAIN-GENERAL OF SPAIN.

Mr. Athelstan Braxton Hicks, Coroner for the South-Western District of London and for the Kingston Division

of Surrey, died on May 17 from pneumonia in his forty-eighth year. He was the son of the late Dr. John Braxton Hicks, the eminent surgeon, was called to the Bar in 1875, and was a special pleader on the Western Circuit and at the Middlesex Sessions. After having held the Deputy-Coroner'ship of the City of London and Borough of Southwark, the City of Westminster and the West London District, he was appointed Coroner seventeen years ago. He was honorary secretary of the Coroners' Society of England and Wales for some years, and a recognised authority on all matters appertaining to his profession. He was largely responsible for

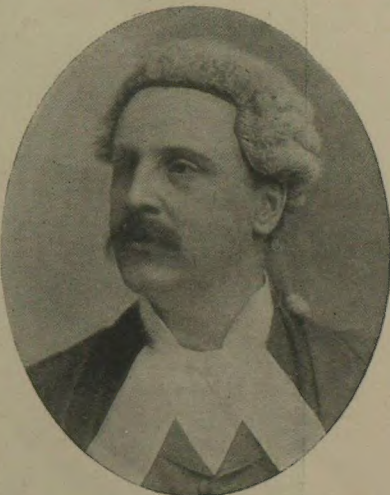


Photo. Whiteley.

THE LATE MR. A. BRAXTON HICKS,
Coroner for the South-Western District of London.

the licensing of small boats, and also for the law making carbolic acid a scheduled poison. Mr. Hicks was noted for his kindness to the poor, for whom he had a fund and a clothes-box, and no deserving person was refused relief. His last inquest was held at Lambeth a week before his death, when he remarked the chilliness of the Court.

A theatrical manager has raised the question whether foreign artists who make large incomes by engagements in this country ought not to contribute to the revenue. There is a famous troupe of acrobats, for instance, who earn £150 a week for four months at a stretch. English acrobats have to pay income-tax. Foreign singers carry away large sums every season and do not pay a sixpence to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. They have no domicile here, but money earned in this country ought to contribute its share of the taxation.

Sir James Alexander Grant, who on May 28 takes the chair as President of the Royal Society of Canada, is consulting physician to the Governor-General of Canada. He was born at Inverness in 1830, and twenty-five years later married Maria, daughter of Edward Mullock. Educated at Queen's College, Kingston, Ontario, in London, and Edinburgh, he was M.P. (Canadian) for the County of Russell from 1865 till 1873, and for Ottawa from 1892 till 1896. In 1872 he introduced the Pacific Railway Bill for the construction of the present Trans-Continental Railroad. His recreations lie chiefly in the field of geology, and he boasts a large collection of Silurian fossils. Among his publications are numerous essays on medical, surgical, and scientific subjects in the journals of Canada, the United States, and England, and a paper on "Organic Heart Disease."

The Boer delegates who have passed through the British lines on their way to the conference at Vereeniging are said to have shown by their demeanour a disposition to continue the war. Some of their friends in Europe, however, betray signs of trimming, though peace will be a severe disappointment in Holland, where the idea of a war continued indefinitely for the gratification of Dutch sympathies without any Dutch outlay is very popular.

An American professor has discovered the secret of British "standoffishness." It is not pride, but a reticence engendered in an island. Surrounded by water, we are cut off from the genial expansiveness of other nations. Disraeli once attributed the Irish Question to the situation of a people encompassed by the "melancholy ocean." But the Irish are not "standoffish."

Captain James Henry Thomas Burke, who died on board his ship, the *Orlando*, on May 12, commanded the Naval Brigade in the attack on Tientsin during the recent disturbances in China, and was on several occasions mentioned in despatches. Captain Burke was born on March 28, 1853, the eldest son of the late Major-General J. H. Burke, Bombay Engineers, and entered the Navy as a cadet before he was fourteen. He was promoted Sub-Lieutenant in 1872, Lieutenant in 1877, Commander in 1887, and Captain in 1894. On Feb. 16, 1899, he was given the command of the *Orlando*, which was one of the first vessels to reach the scenes of the outbreak in Northern China. Captain Burke was mentioned in the letter of thanks addressed by the Admiralty to the Commander-in-Chief in China, and he was awarded the Companionship of the Bath.

The Emperor William has presented the United States with a statue of Frederick the Great, to commemorate the visit of Prince Henry to America. President Roosevelt has acknowledged this singular gift with becoming gravity.

Motor-car owners are beginning to consider the expediency of having representatives in Parliament. A bench of magistrates has decided that the evidence of a policeman, unprovided with scientific means of reckoning, is decisive as to the speed of a motor-car on a country road. The motor-car industry consequently seeks the protection of legislation.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.

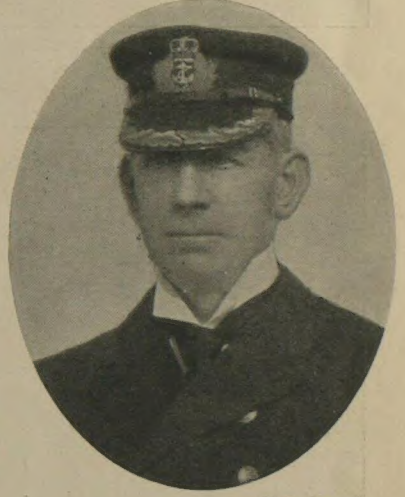
SIR J. A. GRANT, M.D., K.C.M.G.,
President of the Royal Society of Canada.

Photo. Symonds.

THE LATE CAPTAIN J. H. T. BURKE, R.N., C.B.,
Commander of the Naval Brigade at Tientsin.

THE REVIVAL OF THE TOURNAMENT AT BUDAPEST, MAY 16.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY E. BEKEL.



A CHAMPION : COUNT ROBERT ZSELENSZKY.



PAGES AND MEN-AT-ARMS.



FALCONERS.



A CHAMPION : PRINCE NICHOLAS ESTERHAZY.



A CHAMPION : S. HALASS.



A GROUP OF HORSEMEN.

THE REVIVAL OF THE ANCIENT ROMAN FESTIVAL OF THE PALILIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ABENIACAR.



THE BEARERS OF THE SACRED THINGS.

THE CONSUL IN HIS CHARIOT ATTENDED BY LICTORS.

THE SACRIFICE ON THE PALATINE.

THE LITTER BEARING THE IMPERSONATOR OF ART.

LEGIONARIES.

The ancient Feast of the Palilia, which was celebrated by the ancient Romans in honour of the shepherd's goddess, Pales, on every Twenty-first of April, the date of the founding of the city, has been revived this year in all its picturesque detail by the Circolo Artistico Internazionale. The pageant was held on May 4, which corresponds to April 21, old style; and although the critics have complained of certain lapses from authenticity, the spectacle won general admiration. The procession was formed by 1300 persons, representing patricians, slaves, praetorians, priests, vestals, and the other outstanding classes of ancient Rome, together with Dacians and Numidians. Before the altar on the Palatine the singers intoned Horace's "Carmen Saeculare," and the ancient sacrificial rites were indicated in outline. The usual games concluded the ceremony.

THEIR MAJESTIES' THIRD COURT AT BUCKINGHAM PALACE, MAY 16.

DRAWN BY HAL HURST.



THE PRESENTATIONS.

This Court was remarkable for an innovation—the order prohibiting the wearing of trains except by the ladies being presented and those presenting them. The train has, however, become popular by long usage, and successful representations have been made to her Majesty for its general restoration. This will, accordingly, be done at the next Court.

CHASSÉ - CROISÉ.

By I. ZANGWILL.



Illustrated by F. H. Townsend.

II. (Continued.)

"I'm not going to leave my umbrella. I am sorry you won't accept a bit of it." And she bent the tall ferns invitingly towards him.

"I don't like cowering even before the rain," he laughed. "How it brings out the beautiful earthy smell."

"One enjoys the beautiful earthy smell the better for being nearer to the earth."

He did not reply.

"Oh, you dear fool," she thought. Hadn't she had heaps of power from childhood—over her stern old father, over her weakling mother, over her governesses, and later over the whole tribe of "the boys," and now in Europe over Marquises and Honourables—and could it all compare in intensity to this delicious, poignant sense of being caught up into a masterful personality! No, not Power but Powerlessness was life's central reality, not to turn with iron hand the great wheels of Fate, but to faint at a dear touch, to be sucked up as a moth in the flame. And for him, too, it were surely as sweet to leave this strenuous quest for dominance, or to be content with dominating her alone. Oh, she would bring him to clear vision, to live for nothing but her, even as she asked for nothing but him.

The harsh scream of a bluejay struck a discord through her reverie. She remembered that he had yet to be won.

"But didn't you tell me people can't get power without money?" she said, forgetting the hiatus in the conversation.

"Nor with it generally," he replied, without surprise. "Money is but the lever. You cannot move the earth unless you have force and fulcrum, too."

"But I guess a man like you must get real mad to see so many levers lying about idle."

"Oh, I shall get on without a lever, like primitive man. I have muscles."

"But it seems too bad not to be able to afford machinery."

"I shall be hand-made."

"Yes, and by your own hand. But won't it be slow?"

"It will be sure."

Every one of his speeches rang like the stroke of a hammer. Yes, indeed he had muscles.

"But how much surer *with* money! You ought to turn your career into a company. Surely it would pay a dividend to its promoters."

"The directors would interfere."

"You could be chairman—with a veto."

He shook his head. "The rain is dripping through your umbrella. Don't you think we might run to the house?"

"It's only an old hat." It was fresh from Paris, broad-brimmed, beautiful, and bewitching. "Why don't you find"—she smiled nervously—"a millionaire of means?"

"And what would be his reward?"

"Just Virtue's. Won't you be a light to England? And isn't it the duty of parishes and millionaires to supply light?" She was plucking a fern-leaf to pieces.

"Millionaires' minds don't run that way."

"Not male millionaires, perhaps," she said, turning her face from him so jerkily that she shook the oak-shrub and it became a shower-bath.

He looked at her slightly startled. It was the first emotion she had ever provoked in him, and her heart beat faster.

"I really do think it is giving over now," he said, gazing at her sopping hat.

'Twas as if he had shaken the shrub again and drenched her with cold water. He was mocking her, her and her dollars and her love.

"It is quite over," she said savagely, springing up, and growing even angrier when she found the rain had really stopped, so that her indignation sounded only like acquiescence. She strode ahead of him, silent, through the wet bracken, her frock growing a limp rag as it brushed aside the glistening ferns.

As she struck the broader path to the house, the cackling laugh of a goat chained to a roadside log followed her cynically. Where had she heard this bleat before? Ah, yes, from the Marquis of Woodham.

III.—BALANCEZ.

Walter Basset had spoken truly. He did not admire love—that blind force. Women seemed to him delightfully æsthetic objects—to be kept at a distance, however closely one embraced them. They were unreasoning beings at the best, even when unbiassed by that supreme prejudice—love.

It was not his conception of the strong man that he must needs become as water at some woman's touch and go dancing and babbling like a sylvan brook. Women were the light of life—he was willing enough to admit it, but one must be able to switch the light on and off at will. All these were reasons for not falling in love—they were not reasons for not marrying. And so, Amber being determined to marry him, there was really less difficulty than if it had been necessary for him to fall in love with her.

It took, however, many letters and interviews, full of the subtlest comedy, infinite advancing and retreating, and recrossing and bowing, and courtesying and facing and half-turning, before this leap-year dance could end in the solemn Wedding March.



"Go to your yacht—to your miserable shimmering waters."

"You know," she said once, "how I should love the fun of seeing you plough your way through all the mediocrities."

"That is the means, not the end," he reminded her rebukingly. "One only wants the world to swallow one's pills for the world's sake."

"I don't believe you," she said frankly. "Else you'd move mountains to get the money for the pills, not turn up your nose at the mountain when it comes to you."

He laughed heartily. "What a delightful confusion of metaphors! I am sure you've got Irish blood somewhere."

"Of course I have. Did I never tell you I am descended from the kings of Ireland?"

He took off his hat mockingly. "I salute Miss Brian Boru."

"You're an awfully good fellow," he told her on a later occasion. "I almost believe I'd take your money if you were not a woman."

"If I were not a woman I should not offer it to you—I should want a career of my own."

"And my career would content you?" he asked, touched.

"Absolutely," she lied. "The interest I should take in it—wouldn't that be sufficient interest on the loan?"

"There is one thing you have taught me," he said slowly—"how conventional I am! But every prejudice in me shrinks from your proposition; much as I admire your manliness."

"Perhaps it could be put on more conventional lines—superficially," she suggested in a letter that harked back to this conversation. "One might go through conventional forms. That adorable Disraeli—I have just been reading his letters. How right he was not to marry for love!"

The penultimate stage of the pre-nuptial comedy was reached in the lobby of the Opera, while Society was squeezing to its carriage. It was after the "Rheingold," and poor Lady Chelmer could hardly keep her eyes open, and actually dozed off as she leaned against a wall, in patient martyrdom. Walter Bassett had been specially irritating, for he had not come up to the box once, and everybody knows (as the Hon. Tolshunt had said, with unworded brilliance) the "Rheingold" is in heavy bars.

"I didn't know you admired Wagner so much," Amber said scathingly, as Walter pushed through the grooms. "Such a rapt devotee!"

"Wagner is the greatest man of the century. He alone has been able to change London's dinner-hour."

Amber could not help smiling. "Poor Lady Chelmer!" she said, nodding towards the drowsing dowager. "Since half-past six!"

"Is that our carriage?" said the "Prisoner of Pleasure," opening her eyes.

"No, dear—I guess we are some fifty behind. Tolly and the Marquis are watching from the pavement."

The poor lady sighed and went to sleep again.

"Behold the compensations of poverty," observed Walter Bassett. "The gallery-folk have to wait and squeeze before the opera; the carriage-folk after the opera."

"You forget the places they occupy *during* the opera. Poor Wagner! What a fight! I wish I could have helped his career." And Amber set a wistful smile in the becoming frame of her white hood.

"The form of the career appears to be indifferent to you," he said, with a little laugh.

"As indifferent as the man," she replied, meeting his eyes calmly.

The faint scent of her hair mingled with his pleasurable sense of her frank originality. For the first time the bargain really appealed to him. He could not but see that she was easily the fairest of that crush of fair women, and to have her prostrated at the foot of his career was more subtly delicious than to have her surrender to his person. The ball was at his foot in surely the most tempting form that a ball could take. And the fact that he must leave her hurriedly to write the musical criticism that was the price of his stall, was not calculated to diminish his appreciation of all the kingdoms of the world which his temptress was showing him from her high mountain.

"Alas! I must go and write a notice," he sighed.

"Satan's Secretary?" she queried mischievously.

He started. Had he not been just thinking of her as a Satan in skirts?

"*En attendant* that I become Satan's master," he replied ambiguously, as he raised his hat.

"Oh to drive off with him into the peace and solitude of Love—away from the grinding paths of ambition," thought Amber, when the horses pranced up.

IV.—CROISÉ.

"Women, not measures," said the reigning wit anent the Administration which Amber's Salon held together, and in which her husband occupied a position quite disproportionate to his nominal office, and still more so to the almost unparalleled brevity of his career as a private member.

Few, indeed, were the recalcitrants who could resist Amber's smiles, or her still more seductive sulkiness.

Walter Bassett's many enemies declared that the young Cabinet Minister owed his career entirely to his wife. His admirers indignantly pointed out that he had represented Highmead for two sessions, before he met Miss Roan. The germ of truth in this was that he had stipulated to himself that he would not accept the contract unless Amber, too, must admit "Value received," and in contributing a career already self-launched, and a good old Huntingdon name, his pride was satisfied. This, however, had wasted a year or so, while the Government was getting itself turned out, and it never entered his brain that his crushing victory at the General Election could owe anything to a corner in votes—at five dollars a head—secretly made by a fair American financier.

It was in the thick of the season, and Amber had just said good-bye to the Bishop, the last of her dinner-guests. "I always say grace when the church goes," she laughed, as she turned to her budget of unread correspondence and shuffled the letters, as in the old days, when she hoped to draw a letter of Walter's; but her method had become more scientific. Recognising the writers by their crests or mottoes, she would arrange the letters in order of precedence, alleging it was to keep her hand in, otherwise she would always be making the most horrible mistakes in "your Mediaeval British etiquette."

"Who goes first to-night?" said her husband, watching her movements from a voluptuous armchair.

"Only Lady Chelmer," Amber yawned, as she broke the seal.

"Didn't I see the scrawl of the Honourable Tolly?"

"Yes, poor dear. I do so want to know if he is happy in British Honduras. But he must take his turn."

"If he had taken his turn," Walter laughed, "he never would have got the appointment there."

"No, poor dear; it was very good of you."

"Of me?" Walter's tone was even more amused. His eyes roved round the vast drawing-room, as if with the thought that he had as little to do with its dignified grandeur. Then his gaze rested once more on his wife; she seemed a delicious harmony of silks and flowers and creamy flesh-tones.

"Mrs. Bassett," he said softly, lingering on the proprietorial term.

"Yes, Walter," she said, not looking up from her letter.

"Do you realise this is the first time we have been alone together this month?"

"No? Really?" She glanced up absently.

"Never mind that muddle-headed old Chelmer. I daresay she only wants another hundred or two." He came over, took the letter and her hand with it. "I have a great secret to tell you."

Now he had captured her attention as well as her hand. Her eyes sparkled. "A Cabinet Secret?" she said.

"Yes. At this moment every newspaper office is in a fever—to-morrow all England will be ringing with the news. It is a thunderbolt."

She started up, snatching her hand away, every nerve quivering with excitement. "And you kept this from me all through dinner?"

"I hadn't a chance, darling—I came straight from the scrimmage."

"You won't gloss it over by calling me novel names. I hate stale thunderbolts. You might have breathed a word in my ear."

"I shall make amends by beginning with the part that is only for your ear. Do you know what next Monday is?"

"The day you address your constituents, of course. Oh, I see, this thunderbolt is going to change your speech."

"Is going to change my speech altogether. Next Monday is the seventh anniversary of our wedding."

"Is it? But what has that to do with your speech at Highmead?"

"Everything." He smiled mysteriously, then went on softly: "Amber, do you remember our honeymoon?"

She smiled faintly. "Oh, I haven't quite forgotten."

"If you had quite forgotten the misery of it, I should be glad."

"I have quite forgotten."

"You are kinder than I deserve. But I was so startled to find my career was less to you than a kiss that I was more churlish than I need have been. I even wished that you might have a child, so that you might be taken up with it instead of with me."

She blushed. "Yes, I daresay I showed my hand clumsily as soon as it held all the aces."

"Ah, Amber, you were an angel and I was a beast. How gallantly you swallowed your disappointment in your bargain, how loyally you worked heart and soul that I might gain my one ideal—Power!"

"It was a labour of love," she said deprecatingly.

"My noble Amber. But did you think, selfishly engrossed though I have been, with the Fight for Power, that this love-labour of yours was lost on me? No, 'terrible ambitious' as I was, I could still see I got the blackberries and you little more than the scratches, and the less you began to press your claim upon my heart, the more my heart was opening out with an answering

passion. I began to watch the play of your eyes, the shimmer of light across your cheek, the roguish pout of your lips, the lock that strayed across your temple—as it is straying now."

She pushed it back impatiently. "But what has all this to do with the Cabinet Secret?"

"Patience, darling! How much nicer to listen to you than to the Opposition."

"I shall be in the Opposition unless you get along faster."

"That is what I want—your face opposite me always, instead of bald-headed babblers. Ah, if you knew how often, of late, it has floated before me in the House, reducing historic wrangles to the rocking of children's boats in stormy ponds, accentuating the ponderous futility." He took her hand again, and a great joy filled him as he felt its gentle responsive pressure.

"Ponderous, perhaps," she said, smiling faintly; "but not futile, Walter."

"Futile, so far as I am concerned, dearest. Ah, you are right. Love is the only reality—everything else a game played with counters. What are our winnings? A few cheers drowned in the roar that greets the winning jockey, a few leading articles, stale as yesterday's newspaper."

"But the good to the masses——" she reminded him.

"Don't mock me with my own phrases, darling. The masses have done me more good than I can ever do them. Next Monday, dear Amber Roan, we'll try our honeymoon over again." And his lips sought hers.

She drew back. "Yes, yes, after the Speech. But now—the Secret!"

"There will be no speech—that is the secret."

She drew away from him altogether. "No speech!" she gasped.

"None save to your adorable ear—and the moonlit waters. Woodham has lent us his yacht——"

"In the middle of a Cabinet Crisis?"

"Which concerns me less than anybody." And he beamed happily.

"Less than anybody?" she repeated.

"Yes—since it is my resignation that makes the crisis."

She fell back into a chair, white and trembling. "You have resigned!"

"For ever. And now, hey for the great round, wonderful world! Don't you hear our keel cutting the shimmering waters?"

"No," she said savagely. "I hear only Woodham's mocking laughter! . . . And it sounds like a goat bleating."

"Darling!" he cried in amaze.

"I told you not to 'darling' me. How dared you change our lives without a word of consultation?"

"Amber!" His voice was pained now. "I prepared a surprise for the anniversary of our wedding. One can't consult about surprises."

"Keep your quibbles for the House! But perhaps there is no House, either."

"Naturally. I have done with it all. I have written for the Chiltern Hundreds."

"You are mad, Walter. You must take it all back."

"I can't, Amber. I have quarrelled hopelessly with the Party. The Prime Minister will never forgive what I said at the Council to-day. The luxury of speaking one's mind is expensive. I ought never to have joined any Party. I am only fit to be Independent."

"Independence leads nowhere." She rose angrily. "And this is to be the end of your Career! The Career you married me for!"

"I did wrong, Amber. But before one finds the true God, one worships idols."

"And what is the true God, pray?"

"The one whose angel and minister you have always been, Amber"—he lowered his voice reverently—"Love."

"Love!" Her voice was bitter. "Any bench in the Park, any alley in Highmead, swarms with Love." 'Twas as if Cæsar had skipped from his imperial chariot to a squire.

All her childish passion for directing the life of the household, all her girlish relish in keeping lovers in leading strings, all that unconscious love of Power which—inversely—had attracted her to Walter Bassett, and which had found so delightful a scope in her political activities, leapt—now that her Salon was threatened with extinction—into agonised consciousness of itself.

Through this brilliant husband of hers, she had touched the destinies of England, pulled the strings of Empire. Oh, the intoxication of the fight—the fight for which she had seconded and sponged him! Oh, the rapture of intriguing against his enemies—himself included—the feminine triumph of managing Goodman Waverer or Badman Badgerer!

And now—oh, she could no longer control her sobs!

He tried to soothe her, to caress her, but she repulsed him.

"Go to your yacht—to your miserable shimmering waters. I shall spend my honeymoon here alone. . . . You discovered I was Irish."

THE END.

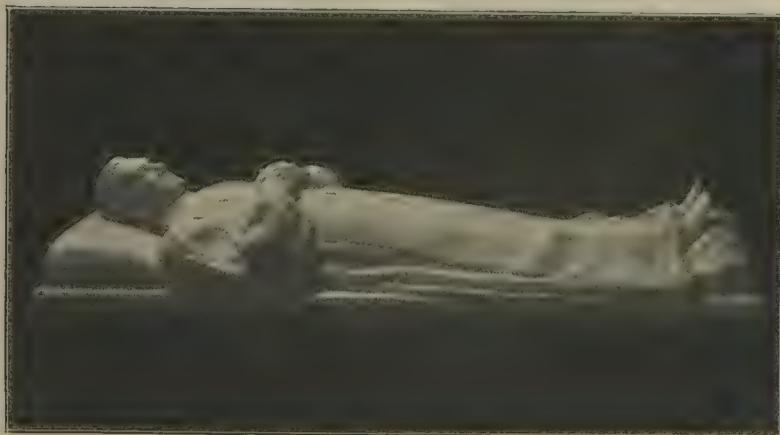
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THIRD SERIES.

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HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.
WALTER MERRETT.



THE LATE BISHOP OF WAKEFIELD, DR. WALSHAM HOW.
J. NESFIELD FORSYTH.



ASKOS AND KYLIKES.—OLIVER WHEATLEY.



THE CHORISTER.—FRANCIS JAHN.



YACHTING TROPHY.—FLORENCE H. STEELE.
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ISABELLA.—ARTHUR C. WHITE.



REVERIE.—EDWARD LANTERI.



JOSEPH LEETE, ESQ.—FREDERICK W. POMEROY.



THE WITCH OF ATLAS.—ARTHUR C. WHITE.

T H E . . . R O Y A L . . . A C A D E M Y .



CUMULUS CLOUDS OVER A FENLAND.—OSMOND PITTMAN.



LOCH KATRINE AND ELLEN'S ISLAND.—CHARLES STUART.
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CELIA AND BEATRICE, DAUGHTERS OF G. DALTON
HARDY, ESQ.—EDWARD PATRY.



IRIS AND VERA, DAUGHTERS OF F. FORD, ESQ.
F. PERCY WILD.



SIR FRANK GREEN, BART., LORD MAYOR OF
LONDON, 1901.—P. TENNYSON COLE.

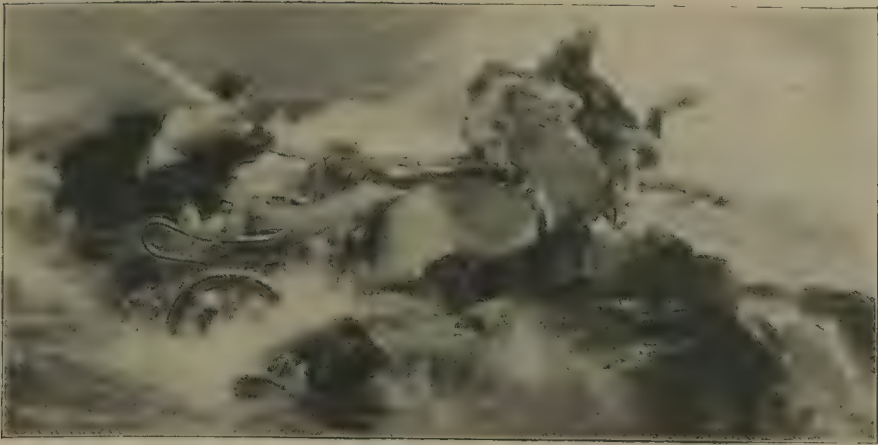


A WAYSIDE POND.—MARK FISHER.



THE PRIDE OF OUR ISLES.—BERNARD F. GRIBBLE.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY



THE LAST DRIVE OF HIPPOLYTUS.—FRANK O. SALISBURY.



THE LIZARD, FROM KYNANCE.—THOMAS F. CORDEUX.



FUGITIVES.—N. H. I. BAIRD.



MOORISH VILLA AT EL-BIAR.—FREDERIC A. BRIDGMAN.



DAUGHTERS OF THE LATE G. H. PHILIPS, ESQ.
J. H. BENTLEY.



A SUNNY HILLSIDE.—HARRY M. WILSON.



PAOLO AND FRANCESCA.—CHRISTOPHER WILLIAMS.



SOCIETY.—CHARLES VAN HAVERMAET.



A FISHERMAN'S FIRESIDE.—ALLAN DEACON.

T H E R O Y A L A C A D E M Y.



"ABSENCE MAKES THE HEART GROW FONDER."—MARCUS STONE, R.A.

The Property of "The Illustrated London News."

THE ACCESSION OF THE KING OF SPAIN: CELEBRATIONS AT MADRID.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT MADRID.

Admiral Sir Edward Seymour.

Infanta Dona Maria Isabel.

The Queen Mother.

Princesses.



Duke of Connaught.

Alfonso XIII.

THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT INVESTING KING ALFONSO XIII. WITH THE ORDER OF THE GARTER, MAY 16.

The Duke, after a speech in French, which was replied to in the same tongue by the young monarch, solemnly invested him with the insignia of the Garter. His Royal Highness has received from King Alfonso the Order of the Golden Fleece.

Corps Diplomatique. Foreign Princes.

The President of Congress.

The King.

The Queen Mother.

Two Secretaries.

Princess of Asturias. Prince of Asturias.

Infanta María Teresa. Infanta Isabel.

Infanta Eulalia.

Court.

Corps Diplomatique.



THE ACCESSION OF THE KING OF SPAIN: ALFONSO XIII. TAKING THE OATH BEFORE THE CORTES AT MADRID, MAY 17.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST AT MADRID.

The young King, attended by his mother, Maria Christina, took the oath to uphold the laws and the constitution before the assembled Senators and Deputies. The ceremony was conducted by the President, the Marquis de la Vega de Armijo. On the monarch's right, on two separate tables, lay the regalia, the crown, sceptre, and cross.

LITERATURE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

- Terrors of the Law.* By Francis Watt. (London: John Lane. 4s. 6d.)
- The Valley of Decision.* By Edith Wharton. (London: John Murray. 8s.)
- Charlotte.* By I. B. Walford. (London: Longmans. 6s.)
- The Romantic School in Germany.* Vol. II. of "Main Currents in Nineteenth Century Literature." By George Brandes. Six Vols. London: Heinemann. 9s.)
- Edward Plantagenet (Edward I.), the English Justinian; or, The Making of the Common Law.* By Edward Jenks. (London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 6s. and 5s.)
- Michael Ferrier.* By E. Frances Poynter. (London: Macmillan. 6s.)
- Resurrection.* By Leo Tolstoy. Translated by Louise Maude. The Revised Edition of the Works of Leo Tolstoy. Edited by Aylmer Maude. (London: Grant Richards. 6s.)
- Mr. Dooley's Opinions.* (London: Heinemann. 3s. 6d.)

Under the heading of "Terrors of the Law," a title suggestive of the most lurid melodrama, Mr. Francis Watt deals in an interesting manner with three fascinating



THE ORIGINAL OF WEIR OF HERMISTON.

AFTER THE PICTURE BY RAFFURN.

Reproduced from "Terrors of the Law," by permission of Mr. John Lane.

personalities. His "portraits," as he prefers to call them in lieu of "critical and biographical studies," are somewhat sketchily painted; it is true, but at the same time they are satisfying. The three eminent lawyers he has chosen—Judge Jeffreys, the best-hated man of his time; Sir George Mackenzie, the dreaded Lord Advocate of Scotland; and Robert Macqueen, Lord Braxfield, the original "Weir of Hermiston" of Stevenson's unfinished romance—afford ample opportunity for skilful descriptive writing, and it must be said that, on the whole, Mr. Watt has been successful in his task. Unlike most of the biographers of Jeffreys, the author finds much that is good in his first subject.

"Multitudes, multitudes in the valley of decision," is the motto which gives part of itself as a title to Mrs. Wharton's new and largest volume. The time in which Odo Valsecca lived called for men who could see and understand and also decide. The old order was changing, and echoes of the new were reaching to North Italy from the France of Voltaire and of Jean Jacques Rousseau. Yet it is not this part of her book that reader holds the closest. Mrs. Wharton is before all things the student of temperament; and she has her opportunity and uses it as she takes us through the various phases of Odo's life, as the stranded boy in the old manor-house of his maternal grandfather, later as the youth who has become nearer to the succession, and finally as the reigning Duke, troubled by love, troubled by the new light. He is not Wilhelm Meister; he is not Contarini Fleming; he is not Prince Otto; but he is of their breed. The difference between him and them lies in the setting; but the moral is the same—that nature is stronger than education, that the brain of a man is more than the crown he wears, and the heart of a man unchanged by the monk's habit. Elemental things are therefore the real burden of Mrs. Wharton's new writing, and to that fateful interest we hold as we go with Odo and his mother, and his friends, women and men, through scenes charged with local colour, with local vices, with local meannesses and tyrannies. The reader, on whom unedifying particulars pall, will look in vain for local ameliorations. These are, indeed, the common omissions of the historian bent on extolling or condoning his own generation. Readers of Mrs. Wharton's short stories will look in her larger book for a cunning coinage of phrases—if that is not too cumbrous a way of describing her happy finalities of diction—and they will not be disappointed. We get it when she speaks of Venice's "secret dusk of nameless waterways between blind windows and complaisant gates"; of that moment of revelation when Odo comes from his mother with the feeling that she is "a parody of himself"; of the abbot "with centuries of pious leisure in his voice"; of Fulvia's appearance after death, when "life had fallen from her like the husk from the flower, and she wore the face of her first hopes." That last allusion to Fulvia—the girl who gave Odo his political liberalism—reminds us that in "The Valley of Decision" no more than in "Prince Otto" have we a heroine—and of actual plot even less.

Whether in either book there is a hero will depend on the reader's tolerance of human weakness, of good-nature that injures what it would aid, of the purpose that is less than a destiny. It will depend, too, on the allowance a man is ready to make for last night's adventure in "the ironic eye of morning." At the end of all things we have the fugitive Duke of Pianura kneeling in the chapel of his old home at Pontesordo. "Something stirred in him as he knelt there—a prayer yet not a prayer—a reaching out, obscure and inarticulate, toward all that had survived of his early hopes and faiths, a loosening of old founts of pity, a longing to be somehow, somewhere reunited to his old belief in life." The dawn found him preventing it with his yearnings, and "in the first shaft of the sunrise the face of St. Francis shone out on him." With what sequel we know not; for Odo leaves us without a hint as he rides in the daybreak toward Piedmont.

We open "Charlotte" to find the heroine sniffing the odour of violets on a broiling July day, and we take it that in this simple statement we have the measure of Mrs. Walford's claim upon our credulity. Charlotte is always vivacious, often entertaining, but she is not a type; her beauty, her smartness, and her heartlessness are none of them quite convincing. For all that, we follow her career with a certain amount of interest from the day when we make her acquaintance, arrogant in the full possession of youth and beauty, until—how are the mighty fallen!—we find her *declassée*, forgotten or avoided by her kind. There is, in this hard fate, relentless justice, and Mrs. Walford has not spared her heroine in bringing her story to a logical, albeit painful, conclusion. We are scarcely more enamoured of the worthy hero than of Caroline herself: it is something indeed that he should escape from the yawning pitfall of marriage with a heartless flirt, but we cannot sympathise with his unctuous thanksgivings when she runs away with Lord Tarporley. But as Charlotte would have said: "I look best standing." From another point of view one may discover fresh merit in Mrs. Walford's work: entertaining it certainly is, and that is no small matter.

While publishers do not despair of finding a profitable market for an English version of such a book as George Brandes', the most pessimistic champions of the highest education within the four seas may take heart of grace. The volume under consideration is practically but a fragment of a monumental whole which cannot and must not be measured by the standards ordinarily applied to even the greatest achievements in *belles lettres*. Dr. Brandes and M. Taine were contemporaries, and there is a considerable likeness between the method that gave us the very perfect "History of English Literature" and Dr. Brandes' *magnum opus*; but it is a likeness and nothing more. Throughout the whole of the original work, though written in German, there is a buoyancy which, curiously enough, the Frenchman's either lacked for the nonce, or which was voluntarily discarded. The second volume of Dr. Brandes, now presented in a translation, has suffered no damage at the translator's hand, and is perhaps the sprightliest of all, just because, as Dr. Brandes has it, "the German nature is so intense and profound," and consequently lends itself to very humorous comment where the commentator, strong in his consciousness of goodwill towards the criticised, does not mind speaking frankly. Dr. Brandes has not scrupled to do this, and as a result we not only get valuable information from a purely literary point of view, but pictures of the social condition of things, especially in the beginning of the nineteenth century—pictures which would be sufficient to establish the reputation of any author. It is an absolute fact that, to any but the downright frivolous, there is not a dry page among the three hundred and twenty-five of which the work is composed. And several of the chapters are brimming over with good things, which by themselves would make an admirable collection of anecdotes. In fine, the volume is highly to be recommended even to those who have no further intention of studying German literature. Especially bright are the chapters dealing with the matrimonial troubles, complications, and utopisms of those whom, from our youth, we were taught to look upon as demi-gods in the realm of pure ethics. After reading "the Pioneers of Romanticism," we have not a shred of illusion left in that respect; but that is not the author's fault.

Messrs. Putnam have laid under a debt all those interested in history by the production of their excellent "Heroes of the Nations" Series, but we thank them especially for having in a former volume, Sir Herbert Maxwell's admirable life of Robert Bruce, provided an antidote to Mr. Jenks' treatment of Scots history. The legal side of Edward's reign is brilliantly set out by Mr. Jenks: the place of the great Plantagenet in our juridical history is for the first time made not only clear, but interesting to the lay mind. Further, the general survey of mediæval Europe with which Mr. Jenks occupies one-fifth of this biography is excellent. But the more dramatic side of history—or legend—is sadly neglected. It may not be true that Queen Eleanor saved her husband's life by sucking the poison from his wound, and it may be even less true, so to say, that that husband massacred the Welsh bards. But the former story has been taught to generations of children, and the latter made immortal by Gray's poem. Mr. Jenks does not condescend to notice either tale. He has taken endless pains with his narrative, and he sums up the main issues between Scotland and England fairly enough. But he is at times misleading about details. For instance, when Mr. Jenks urbanely remarks that in 1295 Edward "took into his own hands the border-castles of Berwick, Roxburgh, and Jedburgh," the ordinary reader would hardly infer the fact, vouched for by a contemporary English chronicler, that after Berwick had made a gallant resistance, Edward put to the sword between seven and eight thousand men, women, and children. Edward was a very great man, and on the whole a very good

King from an English point of view, but it is hardly justifiable for his admirers to suppress facts. Mr. Jenks does not seem to see that Edward, by making war on the King of France, his suzerain for Gascony, put himself out of court when he claimed to punish as common traitors the insurgent Scots nobles (whose names, by the way he might learn to spell right). The book is very good indeed in most of its parts, and it undoubtedly is a sound contribution to our knowledge of mediæval England. But it perhaps takes a somewhat one-sided view of the history of the British Isles.

Miss E. Frances Poynter's new novel is peculiarly one to suffer by being sketched in outline, after a manner customary in reviewing fiction. For the story in "Michael Ferrier" is of itself quite ordinary; the notable thing is the way in which it is handled. We are not referring to special skill in construction, for there is not that—the earlier scenes are inclined to overlap, indeed; nor to character-drawing or the social sense, though both are excellent. The chief quality in the novel is what, were it a picture, we should feel permitted to call its "tonality." It is (still to borrow the language of art criticism) in singularly "fine keeping." Three-fourths of the book are clearly preparatory: we know, as we read, that theirs is the calm before the storm, though the particular direction in which it will burst is not so evident. Yet "storm" is not a correct word to describe the happenings in the last part which have been brooding over the earlier; and certainly the storm does not "burst." There is tragedy; but less of the stress and rant of tragedy it would be difficult to imagine. The subdued tones glow in these last chapters; the quietness becomes more intense—that is all. Miss Poynter's is not a new method; but it is a variation on one that is always unusual. We do not say it is capable of the strongest results, but the result here is strong; and "Michael Ferrier" is a notable achievement in deliberate art.

Unconventional, daring, and occasionally repellently naturalistic, Leo Tolstoy's "Resurrection," which expounds more fully perhaps than any other of his works the Russian reformer's views on many and varying subjects, particularly prison systems, is not a book of which we willingly welcome new translations and editions. No admiration for the great literary skill of the writer or respect for the motives which inspired him can make any thinking person glad that his book is now procurable in so many forms. The photographic representation of so much that is bestial in man and woman is emphatically not a thing to be encouraged in



MÁSILOVA'S MORNING.

Reproduced from "Resurrection," by permission of Mr. Grant Richards.

the popular form of ostensible romancé. For the rest, it may be said that the translation is in every way admirable, and that the illustrations could not be better.

Mr. Dooley is a humorist who never lacks material. He surveys human nature in the United States, where there is a considerable field for it, and he casts a glance now and then, a very shrewd glance, at the affairs of distant peoples. His satire is keen, but it does not exasperate. Even Christian Scientists might smile at Mr. Dooley's definition of their relation to medical knowledge. "If th' Christyan Scientists had some science an' th' doctors more Christyanity, it wudden't make anny diff'rence which ye called in—if ye had a good nurse." Nor will the doctors be offended by this account of the evolution of medicine: "Father Kelly says th' styles iv medicine changes like th' styles iv hats. Whin he was a boy, they give ye quinine f'r whatever ailed ye, an' now they give ye sthrychinine, an' nex' year they 'll be givin' ye proosic acid, maybe. He says they're findin' new things the matther with ye ivery day, an' ol' things that have had to be taken out, ontill th' time is comin' whin not more thin half iv us 'll be tale, an' th' rest 'll be rubber." Mr. Dooley is no respecter of persons, but he is a critic without malice, and a companion with unflinching gaiety.

THE ACCESSION OF THE KING OF SPAIN: BRITISH REPRESENTATION AT THE CEREMONY.

DRAWN BY NORMAN WILKINSON.



H.M.S. "Minerva."

H.M.S. "Hyacinth."

HIS MAJESTY'S YACHT, "VICTORIA AND ALBERT," WITH THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT ON BOARD, PROCEEDING TO SPAIN UNDER ESCORT.

The Duke of Connaught, to whom fell the duty of representing Great Britain at the Accession of the King of Spain, left Kingsbridge in a special train on May 12, accompanied by the Lord Lieutenant, the Duchess of Connaught, and the Countess Cadogan. His Royal Highness was received at the Victoria Wharf, Kingstown, by a guard of honour furnished by 150 men of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and was rowed to the royal yacht in the state barge. As the Duke embarked, the escorting cruisers, "Minerva" and "Hyacinth," fired the customary salute.

THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES'S COLONIAL GIFTS AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



15. An Antique Terra-cotta Portrait Head of about 400 B.C.: Presented by the Governor of Malta.
 18. A Curved Silver-mounted Dagger from Abdalli, Sultan of Lahej, Aden.
 30. A "Kris," known as the "Perak Kris," handed down from Jamiballah, Sultan of Perak in 1786, to the present Sultan, and presented by him.
 108. A Pedestal upholding Three Rich Nuggets of Gold, the Prince of Wales's Feathers applied in the front in Diamonds: Presented by the State Government of Victoria, Australia.

181. An Australian Boomerang.
 215. A Terminal from the Gatepost of a Maori House: Presented by the Maoris of New Zealand.
 275. A Paddle-shaped Sceptre "Merè-Rakan," of Polished Whale-bone; and 276, 277, 278, 279, Greenstone Sceptres called "Merè-Pounamu": Presented by the Maoris of New Zealand.
 296. A Dark Greenstone Charm from the Maoris of New Zealand.
 525. A Set of Three Bells, each formed from a Cartridge-shell from Ladysmith, from Talana, and from Harts Hill, supported by Two Elephants' Tusks: Presented by the Women of Durban.

537. Silver Heart-shaped Trowel used in laying the Buttress-stone of the Cathedral of Cape Town.
 631. A Zulu Basketwork Bottle and Cover used for Native Beer: Presented by the Governor of Cape Colony.
 734. The Birchbark Canoe used by their Royal Highnesses in Shooting the Rapids at Ottawa: From the Lumbermen of the Ottawa Valley. On May 14, at the Exhibition, the Prince's children got into the canoe.
 862. The Coat of the late "Micasto," Red Crow Chief of the Blood Indians, part of the Blackfoot Nation.

DOGS AS SCOUTS AND AMBULANCE AIDS IN THE ITALIAN AND GERMAN ARMIES.



1. ITALIAN OFFICERS DESPATCHING THE DOGS ON A MISSION.

2. A DOG SCOUT FINDING A WOUNDED MAN.

3. A RED-CROSS DOG SUCCOURING A WOUNDED GERMAN.

4. A DOG SCOUT GUIDING AN AMBULANCE PARTY TOWARDS THE WOUNDED.

The intelligence of the dog as a succourer of man in distress has long been used by the monks of the Hospice of St. Bernard, and now the military authorities of Italy and Germany are employing them as dumb auxiliaries for scouting and ambulance work. As carriers of messages between the lines and as guides for discovering wounded men, who have fallen at isolated posts and would otherwise be left to perish, the dogs display remarkable skill and aptitude.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

It would appear that the possibilities of communicating with the planet Mars form a topic which presents a perennial interest for the play of popular imagination. In France, particularly, they eagerly scan every detail which is offered on this head. There is a very solid reason at the root of French interest in possible Martian telegraphy. An old lady left a large sum of money, in trust, in Paris to be awarded as a prize to the first scientist who should succeed in establishing what the French call interplanetary communication. I suspect that money will lie dormant till this world of ours reaches the moon-stage of quiescence. It is a thankless task to discount the powers of science, but surely there must be some limits to the work and the sensory powers of man alike. We have no reasonable expectation at present of being able to cope with distances that are to be reckoned in millions of miles when questions of personal communication are involved. Nor is this all. We are, of course, uncertain whether Martians exist, or whether, assuming their existence, they are beings that could understand us, or we them, Mr. H. G. Wells notwithstanding. Such considerations it is well should be clearly kept in view when people talk glibly about signalling to Mars. Apart from the physical difficulties, it must strike us that there may be others which would render the likelihood of communication with the Earth's own cousin a very remote possibility indeed.

Towards the end of 1900 the public mind was excited over an astronomical message hailing from an American observatory. The message in itself was harmless enough. It was couched in careful terms, and it indicated simply an appearance on Mars which any astronomer was entitled to record. This message formed the basis of a good deal of sensational writing about Mars and its presumed inhabitants, who were regarded as attempting to signal to us. Despite the fact that astronomers have warned us of the tremendous blaze we should have to make in order that the Martians might perceive a light speck on our surface, the popular mind in 1900 glided easily, as is its wont, over all difficulties. Neglecting to ask for explanation of the details of the "message from Mars," it tacitly assumed that a communication had been attempted, and there the matter ended.

Of late days the subject has been revived by an interesting paper from the pen of Mr. Percival Lowell, a distinguished American astronomer. With calm reasoning and in perfect harmony with the logic of his science, Mr. Lowell puts the case of the alleged Martian message in its proper relationship. It is refreshing to turn from exaggerated details and suppositions to the telling facts of the astronomer, and to receive an explanation of the circumstances which must appeal to every rational mind. The message explained that on the surface of Mars a certain illuminated "projection" had been observed. Such phenomena are not infrequently noted to occur in connection with the planet's history. That they are not due to the inconstant or temporary revelations of mountain peaks is tolerably certain, for we have no data which warrant the belief that Mars possesses any such elevations of its surface at all. The particular appearance observed in 1900 was located over a certain big Martian area to which the name Icarium Mare was originally given on the presumption that it represented a sea. If Mars, unlike the moon, has no mountains, it at least possesses both land and water, like ourselves, with this difference: that while we have more water than land, Mars reverses the order, and shows more land than water.

Mr. Lowell tells us that the area known as Icarium Mare is not a body of water at all. He styles it a great tract of vegetation. It may be a huge Martian forest, or a swamp wherein flourishes a luxuriant vegetable growth. Now, according to the astronomer's sober views, the strange light on Mars was caused simply by the reflection of light from a big cloud that hung over the area in question for some days, and gave rise to the idea of a "projection" of the planetary surface. Then the cloud moved away in a particular direction, at a particular rate, and vanished or was dissipated over another area in Mars which astronomy has located and named. An illuminated cloud produced by natural agencies is the explanation of the alleged signalling from Mars to the earth. The view of Mr. Lowell is consistent with astronomical knowledge. It represents a scientific deduction from facts of kindred kind relating to the earth, and it disposes of the rank sensationalism which enveloped the incident when it got into the hands and was treated by the pens of irresponsible writers.

For awhile, doubtless, we shall hear no more of signals from Mars, but past experience leads one to believe that our respite from this pseudo-scientific sensationalism will be only of temporary kind. It seems to be in the nature of things that wonders are never made to cease from cropping up among us. I often ponder over the fate which awaits the larger moiety of the many sensations which arrest public attention for the time being. They are exploited with every appearance of reality. They attract attention, are discussed at dinner-tables (where conversation is oft-times highly barren in ideas), and then they disappear, and humankind knows them no more, unless some process of literary resurrection occurs to disinter them as the myths of the past. I suppose it is inevitable that the progress of knowledge should be hampered and hindered by the persistent evolution of the myth pure and simple. The course of events here reminds one of the story of the Scottish leader of psalmody, who, being unaccustomed to sing "Amens" under a new régime, had a pea quietly dropped on his head from the pulpit as a signal to operate. Once on a time the peas rained upon his cranium, and the "Amens" flowed in torrents from his lips, till the minister remarked that he was sorry, but "the bag had burst." If the sensational stories of our day are to be compared to the peas, it is a thousand pities the bag does not meet with the fate of the receptacle just recorded.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

A BEADELL (Fulham). Thanks for your interesting enclosures. We have had an even more striking coincidence submitted, but it seems to us inevitable in the particular type of problem concerned. It is not imitation, but repetition of idea, where the field is limited.

E. JEFFRIES (Kennington).—We have no space to explain *en passant*; but you were wrong, and your opponent could capture your Pawn in the way he did.

R. BEE (Cowpen).—Having discovered the key-move, the continuation should not prove difficult.

M. FEIGL (Vienna).—Much obliged.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS No. 3021 and 3022 received from M. Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur) and C. A. M. (Penang); of No. 3023 from Richard Burke (Teldenya, Ceylon) and M. Shaida Ali Khan; of No. 3024 from M. Shaida Ali Khan (Rampur); of No. 3025 from Emile Frau (Lyons); of No. 3026 from J. Bailey (Newark), Charles Field junior (Athol, Mass.), and Emile Frau; of No. 3027 from T. Harris Watson (Dublin), James Clark (Chester), Emile Frau, F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells), A. Bull (Grimstad), G. Lill (Gringling-on-Hill), D. B. R. (Oban), J. Bailey (Newark), Rev. C. R. Sowell (St. Austell), and Joseph Orford (Liverpool); of No. 3028 from H. Le Jeune, C. W. Porter (Crawley), A. Bull (Grimstad), J. W. (Campsie), A. Beadell, E. Pinkney (Driffield), Edward J. Sharpe, Emile Frau, Alessandro Bolognini (Verona), Alpha, Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), Albert Wolff (Putney), Frank W. Atchinson (Crowthorne), Rev. A. Mays (Bedford), and E. B. V. Hussey (Peterborough).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3029 received from G. Bakker (Rotterdam), Amy Wallinger (Folkestone), Sorrento, L. Desanges, Edith Corser (Reigate), F. Dalby, E. B. V. Hussey, A. Belcher (Wycombe), Albert Wolff (Putney), Emile Frau (Lyons), T. Roberts, G. Stillington Johnson (Cobham), F. J. S. (Hampstead), Alpha, W. A. Lillico (Edinburgh), M. Abdul Hafeez (Oxford), C. E. Perugini, Hereward, H. Le Jeune, Reginald Gordon, Major Nangle (Dublin), Clement C. Danby, R. Worters (Canterbury), Shadforth, W. D. Easton (Sunderland), J. F. Moon, Martin F. Joseph Willcock (Shrewsbury), W. M. Eglinton (Birmingham), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Frank T. Burridge (Bristol), F. R. Pickering, Charles Burnett, and F. J. Candy (Tunbridge Wells).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3028.—BY GODFREY HEATHCOTE.

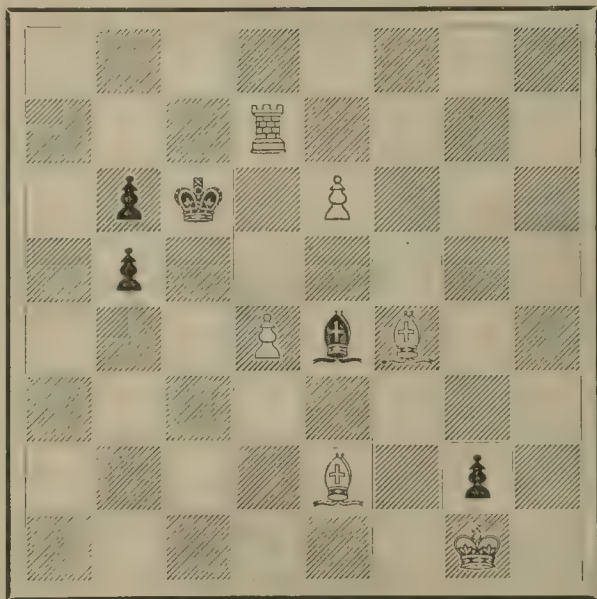
WHITE.
1. K to B 2nd
2. Q to B 3rd
3. Q to B 4th, mate.

BLACK.
P takes Kt
K to Q 5th

If Black play 1. K to B 3rd, 2. Kt to B 8th; if 1. P to B 3rd, 2. B to K 7th; and if 1. P to B 4th, then 2. Q to Kt 5th, etc.

PROBLEM No. 3031.—BY W. T. PIERCE.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN EXETER.

Game played in the Devon Chess Association between Messrs. T. TAYLOR and C. J. LAMBERT.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. T.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	8. Kt to K 5th	Kt to B 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	9. B takes Kt	B takes B
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	P to K B 4th	10. Q to B 3rd	Q to B 2nd
This is not a satisfactory continuation for Black here. Kt to K B 3rd is better.		11. Kt takes Kt P.	P takes Kt
4. Kt to B 3rd		This leads to an amusing trap, into which White readily falls.	
5. White might play P takes P, and proceed to attack the isolated Pawns.		12. Q takes R	B takes Kt
6. B to Kt 5th	P to B 3rd	13. P takes B	Kt to Q B 3rd
7. Leading to a useless and unfavourable exchange. P to K 3rd is correct.		14. P to K B 4th	Castles
8. B to K 2nd		15. P to K 4th	B to Kt 2nd
9. P to K R 4th	P takes P	16. Q takes R (ch)	K takes Q
10. P to K 3rd	P to Kt 4th	17. P takes P	Kt to Kt 5th
		18. R takes P	Q to Kt 3rd
		19. R takes B	Q takes R
		20. B takes P	Q takes K Kt P
		White resigns.	

CHESS IN MANCHESTER.

Game played between Messrs. P. R. ENGLAND and C. LOEBEL.

(Centre Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. L.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 4th	19. Q to K B 3rd	Kt to Q 4th
2. P takes P	Q takes P	20. P to Q B 4th	P to K B 3rd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Q to Q sq	21. P takes Kt	P takes Kt
4. P to Q 4th	B to B 4th	22. P to Q 6th	Q to K B 2nd
5. B to Q 3rd	B takes B	23. Kt to B 6th (ch)	P takes Kt
The exchange is not good generally; B to Kt 3rd is superior. White's Queen comes well into play after B takes B, threatening at once Q to Kt 5th (ch), etc.		24. Q takes R	K P takes P
6. Q takes B	P to Q B 3rd	25. Q to K 4th	R takes P
7. B to B 4th	Kt to B 3rd	26. Q to B 4th	P to K 4th
8. Kt to B 3rd	P to K 3rd	27. Q takes R P	Q to K Kt 2nd
9. Castles (K R)	B to Q 3rd	28. Q to B 5th	Q to Q 2nd
10. B to Kt 5th	P to K R 3rd	29. Q to B 5th	Q to K B 2nd
11. B to R 4th	B to K 2nd	30. Q to Kt 4th (ch)	Q to Kt 2nd
Here Q Kt to Q 2nd or P to K Kt 4th would have saved time and trouble, with some view to an attack on the Castled King.		31. Q to K 4th	Q to R 2nd
12. K R to K sq	Castles	32. Q to R 8th	R to Q sq
13. Q R to Q sq	Kt to Q 4th	33. Q to K B 4th	Q to Q 2nd
14. B takes B	Q takes B	34. Q to K 4th	Kt to B 3rd
15. Kt to K 4th	Kt to B 3rd	The fact is worth noting that the Knight is developed only at the thirty-fifth move	
16. Kt to B 5th	P to Q Kt 3rd	36. R to Q 3rd	P to B 4th
17. Kt to K 4th	R to Q sq	37. R to Kt 3rd (ch)	K to B sq
18. Kt to K 5th	P to Q B 4th	38. Q to B 3rd	P to K 5th
		39. Q to R 5th	Q to K B 2nd
		40. Q to R 6th (ch)	R to K 2nd
		41. R to K 7th	Resigns.

NOTE.

It is particularly requested that all SKETCHES and PHOTOGRAPHS sent to THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, especially those from Abroad, be Marked on the Back with the name of the Sender, as well as with the Title of the Subject. All Sketches and Photographs used will be paid for.

A PAID PARLIAMENT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

The exact composition of the new Chamber of Deputies is still something of a mystery in its personal side, for though we know the political aspect of the assembly, we know little else. One thing is, however, certain: the Legislature which has just been elected will not and cannot be more curious, as far as the diversity of status of its members goes, than the one which it replaces. The Chamber which was elected in July 1898 consisted of 581 members, and of these 104 were barristers, 52 doctors, and 40 authors and journalists. In view of this fact, the presence of an erewhile manager (not a head physician) of a lunatic asylum, a head waiter, a baker, a shoemaker, a publican, a stonecutter, a hatter, and several bricklayers and navvies was practically an insignificant feature from a purely social and economical point of view. The men exercising a trade whom I have just mentioned were literally working journeymen, and as such, in the receipt of good wages before they prevailed upon certain of their countrymen to send them to the Palais-Bourbon. On the face of their success, one is bound to credit them with a degree of superior intelligence, which probably remained unproductive in the exercise of their handicraft. The intelligence of the barristers, doctors, and journalists was unquestionably of a higher calibre, but it is not making a very hazardous guess to say that with the majority of them that intelligence was also unproductive, without their having a trade at their fingers' ends like the others. In different words, the bulk of the barristers were most likely briefless, the doctors patientless, and the journalists without a recognised position on the leading papers, and it is only a recognised position on the leading papers which pays in France. As a consequence, the five-and-twenty francs stipend per diem of a Deputy was a windfall to the artisans, and a downright godsend to the others, or to the majority of them.

Will it be different in the new Chamber? Prophecy of any kind is always risky; nevertheless, a certain experience of the past may enable one to make an approximate cast of the future, while allowing for unexpected accidents. The Third Republic is nominally more than thirty years old, and during that time the needy Deputy has been even more conspicuous in the latter two decades than in the first one of its existence, which is not saying little. There are few English or Scotch members of the House of Commons who owe the whole of their social status to the fact of their sitting in Parliament. Unless they are re-elected, a third of the outgoing French Deputies relapse into their former obscurity, if they have not managed to improve the shining four years of their comparative "noteworthiness" by establishing genuine or fictitious commercial or professional relations.

This is no mere irresponsible statement on my part. Although the Deputy's stipend cannot be seized for debt, few tradesmen will refuse to give him credit for the first three years of his mission. In the fourth year the purveyor in many cases becomes less accommodating, and the drawing in of the credit is a sure test of the Deputy's financial position minus the diurnal five-and-twenty francs which at the end of that fourth year may be renewed or vanish for evermore.

There are some really remarkable and admirable advertising institutions in Paris. At the period of a general election they are, no doubt, overwhelmed with business, and consequently able to select the orders offered to them. The experienced elector merely glances at the name of the firm which issues "the profession of faith" of the aspirant for Parliamentary honours. If the envelope bears the stamp of a prominent institution of that kind, the candidate's financial position is at once considered sound, and he rises a hundred per cent. in said elector's estimation, even if the latter should be the most ardent Socialist, Collectivist, Possibilist, or Radical; for though all these profess a boundless contempt for capitalists, the suspicion comes to them now and again, if not always, that the stipend in prospect may have something, if not everything, to do with the ardent zeal of the would-be legislator.

The spirit of caution that pervades the minds of the great advertisement contractors is not altogether absent from the minds of the great printing firms. A couple of years ago, I was talking on the subject with the principal of one of the largest establishments. "As a rule," he said, "we are only offered the work for the candidates of the Parisian and suburban constituencies. The man who seeks election in a provincial centre is bound to give the work there, and if perchance it be offered to us we know at once what to think, and, with more or less regard for the feelings of our kindly patron, we refuse the 'affair' on the plea of stress of business—because the work has been refused by the provincial printer, who felt by no means sure of getting his own in the event of the defeat of his patron. As one of them said, 'It is often difficult enough to get paid by the successful ones; the unsuccessful disappear, and no one knows what becomes of them.' Of course," my informant went on, "there are unsafe investments of that kind in the capital, but we fight shy of them. On the other hand, there are some of the Parliamentary candidates, and to their honour be it said, of the most advanced kind, who are determined not to incur one pennyworth more of responsibility, let alone liability, than they can discharge. They come with their money in hand for their posters and for everything else, and frankly ask us to select the cheapest paper and everything in proportion. Here is the address of a paper-agent, and he will show you the material that is used. It varies from seven or eight francs to twenty-six francs a ream. The cheaper is on the walls of Paris, advocating the printed claims of the proletariat. All the same, I would have our Legislature composed of more substantial individuals, for their own sakes; for the payment of members has led to the degeneration of Parliamentary institutions."

I have nothing to add to this last sentence. If by any means I could find a retort to it, I should not have written this article.



SUNLIGHT SOAP

Saves time.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Lengthens life.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Adds to the joys of home.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Reduces the Hours of Labour.

Increases the Hours of Ease.

LARGEST SALE IN THE WORLD.

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, CHESHIRE.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Makes washing a pleasure.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Gives rest and comfort.

SUNLIGHT SOAP

Preserves the clothes

LADIES' PAGE.

The London County Council has decided that sculptured effigies of the monarchs of England shall occupy a prominent position among the Coronation decorations. The central figures on one of the bridges are to be those of the great Queens Elizabeth and Victoria. It



EMPIRE EVENING DRESS IN WHITE GAUZE AND LACE.

is not without reason that Queen Elizabeth retains in the hearts of her contemporaries' descendants so imposing a position as she does still hold, but it is none the less remarkable. Still, every record of her career helps to account for it. In this moment of dispute over the education of the masses, it is worth while to recall that Queen Elizabeth helped lowly born merit to rise. She "gave a strict command and charge to the Chancellors of both her Universities to bring her a just, true, and impartial list of all the more eminent and hopeful students (being graduates), their names, colleges, standings, and faculties. Therein her Majesty was strictly obeyed, for the Chancellors durst not do otherwise; and the use she made of it was that if she had an Ambassador to send abroad, then she of herself would nominate such a man to be his chaplain, and another to be his secretary; and when she had any places to dispose of fit for persons of academical education, she would herself consign such persons as she judged to be most fit from the lists, marked with her own hand." No wonder that the Jacobean reciter of this instance of a Sovereign's motherly care prefaces it with an intimation that it is a little-known passage in the "happy reign of Queen Elizabeth."



A THOROUGH CASKET.

The case illustrated above was presented recently to the Hon. W. F. D. Smith, M.P., with the freedom of the borough of Henley. The casket was designed and manufactured by the well-known Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Co., Ltd., of 112, Regent Street, London, W.

"Unfulfilled renown" is the story of the late Princess Royal of England, Empress Frederick of Germany. All that is known of her points to the probability that her reign, had she ever enjoyed power, would have ranked among the famous ones of history. Her son pays due honour to her memory. The Emperor has intimated to the Berlin Female School of Art that, in memory of the Empress Frederick, he intends to continue to confer the gold medal that she was wont to present annually to the most distinguished student; and he is also taking the greatest interest in the memorial to her late Majesty that is to be unveiled at Homburg in August next, on the anniversary of her death. There is always a question, when a person of note has died in old age or after an exhausting illness, whether a memorial ought to represent the last worn and wearied expression of the face, or whether the prime of the career should be commemorated. The Emperor has decided for his mother in the latter sense. The bust is modelled from a portrait taken when the late Empress was about forty.

Lacrosse, the game that has been played in perfection at Lord's this season by our Canadian visitors, has been more readily adopted here already by ladies than by men; so we are informed by the Duke of Argyll, whose years of Viceroyalty in Canada have of course familiarised him with the sport. Football and cricket absorb our young men to so great an extent that there seems little room with them for a novelty. Girls are not so fully provided with suitable active sports; and there is another American and Canadian game that is so much played by young women over the other side that possibly our girls might be equally attracted by it if it were introduced among us. It is the game of baseball. The Government Inspector of Education at Toronto, Mr. James L. Hughes, a well-known writer and great authority on all educational topics, considers it to be an ideal game for girls, for, he states, it cultivates in them certain faculties in which their sex is apt to be deficient; to wit, the practice of playing for your side instead of for yourself, courage, and quickness of cool, clear decision. It is a somewhat violent game, and in the American colleges the girls must pass a medical inspection before they are permitted to play; but it is much milder than football. Who will bring us over a good team of Canadian lady baseball amateurs?

One of those curious changes in what had appeared established as fashionable for a season has occurred with regard to hats. The flat shapes remain in full fashion, indeed, but all at once it turns out that high erections are also favoured; perhaps a majority of the smartest hats are dubbed "picture," in order that they may be turned up at one side very high. This is a revival of the fashion of a couple of years ago, but the hats are now worn less back upon the head than they then were, so that they have no halo-like effect. In fact, the new "picture"-hats turn up more like the soldierly soft felt hat that was once dubbed Colonial, but has now become general among our Volunteer troops. The

brim will project far over the brow, and at the same time the one side will be turned up very high. It is held up in a "picture"-hat with flowers and bows of velvet and lace, and all kinds of decoration. This is no doubt because the flat hats over the brow do not suit everybody; though some of us are, on the contrary, better hatted in that shape than in any other. There is great latitude in the shape of hats, in fact, and nobody need now wear what does not suit her, for all shapes are well worn. The extreme tipping of the hat over the left ear is a thing of the past, and as it was a mode that was very quickly vulgarised, that is a good thing. There is a great fancy for the fine satin straws that are really made in Leghorn, though not exactly what we understand by a Leghorn hat. They are supple as satin, and before trimming can be bent about like Panamas; but the shapes are graceful, wide-brimmed, and low-crowned, and the satiny surface of the split straws, dyed in two tones of the same colour generally, is very tasteful.

Another whim of the moment is for a mixture of a strong contrast of green and blue in millinery. This, again, must be called rather vulgar, and it is seen more in the milliners' windows than on the heads of the smart. The straws are dyed of the two colours in many instances; in some cases, a water-cress-green straw is seen trimmed with corn-flower-blue tulle and flowers. A similar combination of colour is fashionable in gowns—blue laid over a green lining, for example; but this is less startling than the close contrast of the colours on the small surface of a head-adornment. Flowers of all kinds are in immense millinery demand. Roses are, as usual, first favourites; and many toques are formed almost entirely of them, other flowers being relegated to the comparatively unimportant function of trimming, round the brim of the rose-covered shape. This is a novelty—to have a crown, for instance, of pink roses and a trimming wreath of marguerites, or a series of clusters of Czar violets placed round the

rose-covered hats, and a trail of violets also as *cache-peigne*. This latter detail is seen in many and various fashions. Big bows of velvet ribbon, or bows and ends of very wide satin ribbon, are worn by some people, but a dainty little fall of lace or narrow and unobtrusive ribbon ends are in better taste, and more generally becoming. There is little doubt that a small fall of some sort depending from the brim of the hat over the back hair is becoming. I have always upheld earrings from the point of view of looks, as I feel sure that anything dangling to shade the outline of the cheek is usually flattering to the appearance. Few people have an oval contour of face decided enough or an outline of cheek so perfect that it is not an improvement to have the lines a little broken in the picture, so to speak, by some addition. A veil down the back, or floating ends of ribbon or lace, as worn on many hats now, in lieu of the natural decoration of falling tresses, will in most cases improve the effect of the appearance.

We seem to be reverting to the natural adornment just referred to in the shape of one curl falling over the shoulder; this would be a sort of reminiscence, too, of the first arrival of the Queen amongst us. In her earliest portraits she is always shown with a curl falling over one shoulder, and the photographs of one's mother and aunts at that same period show how loyally the youthful royal



BLACK NET EVENING GOWN.

bride's example was followed. The hairdressers are making strenuous efforts to reintroduce low dressing of the hair, and this curl on the shoulder is an accompaniment. As it is becoming to most faces, it will very likely be adopted. With regard to dressing the hair low, there may be more depth in that plot than meets the eye at once. It is far more difficult to make a success of a knot or coil seated on the nape of the neck, in solitary grandeur, for evening wear, than it is to arrange the hair on the crown, where it will have the addition and partial concealment of a feather or aigrette or flower. Ergo, the aid of the craft is more often called in than it is when the style of high dressing is in vogue that we have had for some time, and that the hairdressers are so desirous to abolish. Well, as the feminine longing for change is on their side, they will probably succeed for the present. But no sooner are we all trained to doing our hair low, and supplied with the necessary adjuncts for this treatment, than the kaleidoscope of fashion will shift again!

Our Illustrations show graceful evening gowns. That one in the Empire design is of white gauze laid over white satin and elaborately trimmed. The corsage is covered with jewelled or sequined lace, and down the rest of the confection bands of the same lace alternate with plain lace; sequin passementerie can be substituted if preferred, or out of regard to the financial aspect of the whole. The other gown is simpler; the material is black spotted net with longwise bands of black lace, and crossway rows of graduated black velvet ribbon; a narrow tablier of white satin in front is similarly treated.

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ART NOTES.

Paolo and Francesca have taken possession of the town; but the monopoly is not to be with the poets and the actors. At the Royal Academy a painter, Mr. Christopher Williams, has recognised the prevailing fashion. Paolo is shown in the act of kissing Francesca, who has slid on to the ground from the marble seat from which her lover bends over her; and on the ground, cast aside, is the illuminated book which has given expression to their latent love. In "Society," by Charles van Havermaet, another sort of domestic tragedy is shown. A lady in evening dress has just returned from her amusements to the bedroom of her sick child. She comes too late, as her gesture of despair, no less than the death-pallor of the child's face, indicates.

In spite of such ugly sequels, early love-making retains its idyllic attractions; and these have no better handler than Mr. Marcus Stone, R.A. In his "Absence Makes the Heart Grow Fonder" he has, as his wont is, mixed his heart with his paints. "How do you mix your colours?" was the question once put to a Master of the English school, and "With brains, Sir," was the reply. Mr. Marcus Stone, bringing to his task all the technical skill that means brain-work, lets sentiment pervade the figure of the young girl—opulent, yet pathetic—as she leans against a tree, on the bark of which two intersecting hearts have been outlined. Unluckily for her, this is not "the talking oak"; but it is a fine tree enough, and the moss spreading about its base is more brilliantly painted than anything we remember from this artist's brush.

Mr. Frank O. Salisbury, in his "Last Drive of Hippolytus," gives Academy-goers a finely conceived

and vigorously executed landscape-and-cattle piece of the school that succeeded Barbizon, the school, say, of Bastien Lepage, with its realism that has yet a trailing glory of romance. Mr. Bernard Gribble's "The Pride of Our Isles" shows a life-boat approaching, as well as the storm will allow, a steam-ship in distress. The tilt of the boat, with one end

by Mr. Allan Deacon. You do not see the fire itself, but you are made aware of it throughout the room, and particularly in the lighting of the tea-things on the table, which is to afford a feast to the family that is represented in three of its generations. To the portrait of Sir Frank Green, Bart., Mr. Tennyson Cole has brought a refreshingly uncompromising brush, and he has shown himself as skilful as possible in the presentment of a Lord Mayor's robes.

The great group of painters—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Turner, and the rest—produced a great group of engravers; and a collection of mezzotint portraits by S. W. Reynolds, Valentine Green, J. R. Smith, McArde, Ward, Jones and others has been got together by the Burlington Fine Arts Club. The very method of the mezzotint process was exactly mated to the manner of the masters whom it reproduced; and now that we make mezzotints no more, an almost historic interest is added to these specimens that shine in their softness, and almost dazzle in their brilliance. "By these men I shall live," said Sir Joshua, who, nevertheless, would have put up his ear-trumpet incredulously had anyone tried to persuade him of the sums which future collectors would pay for versions of his pictures minus their colour. Some of the portraits are lent to the club by the King; some, of course, by Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

With their own capital little gallery the members of the New English Art Club may very well be content. It is in the public interest more than in their own that they should be tempted out into the larger galleries. Among the noticeable works in the spring exhibition are Mr. Orpen's witty "Valuers," his portrait of J. Staats Forbes, and his portrait-study of a lady; Mr. Furze's "Portrait"; Mr. Condor's "June" and his "Promenade."



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The banquet was held at the Criterion Restaurant under the presidency of Sir Douglas Straight, and was attended by the leading Pressmen of London. About sixty American and Colonial journalists present in London to record the Coronation were entertained. The toast of "The Guests," proposed by Mr. W. J. Fisher, was replied to in a brilliant speech by Mr. Choate, the American Ambassador. Of the gathering, which was most successful, Mr. Austin Brereton acted as Secretary.

in space and the other in the trough of the sea, is well rendered, and so is the feeling of a live thing given to the boat by the rowers, who crouch into their seats so closely as to be almost organically a part of it. In contrast with this scene of the sea's terror is "A Fisherman's Fireside"

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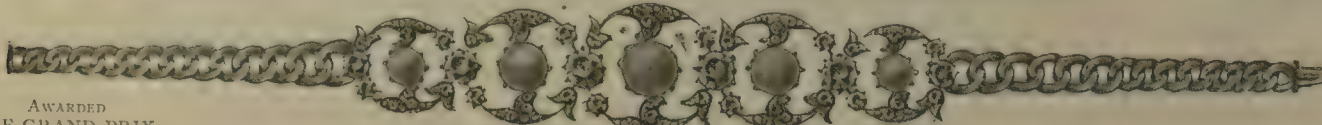
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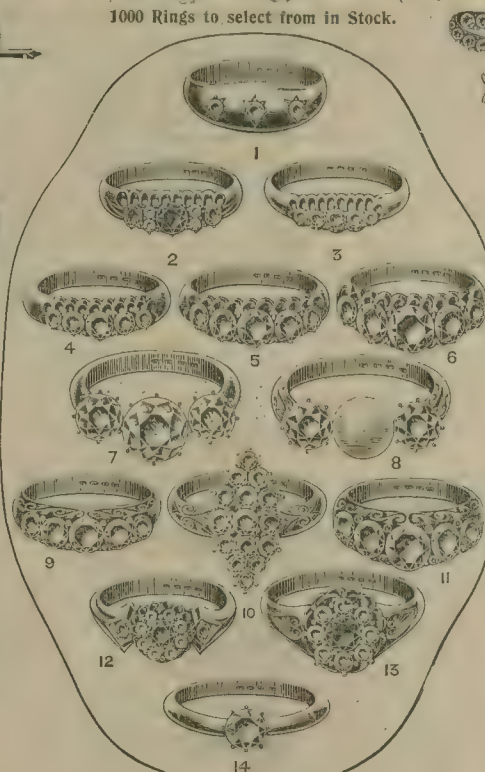
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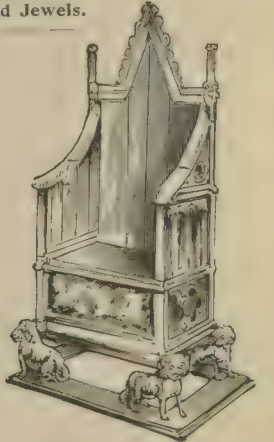
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MUSIC.

The Royal Opera at Covent Garden has had to contend with the eccentricities of this May weather, and Saturday, May 17, proved unusually bewildering. Three changes were made before Herr Kraemer Helm consented to sing the title-rôle of "Tannhäuser," and he was suffering severely from hoarseness, as also was Frau Lohse, though her interpretation of Elisabeth was charming. Herr Lohse conducted, and brought the chorus more together than in the preceding performance.

On Friday there was an admirable performance of "Carmen" under the conductorship of Signor Mancinelli. Mdle. Zélie de Lussan has the temperament suited to Carmen, and sang artistically. M. Salèza, in better voice than previously, sang Don José, and Signor Scotti was an excellent Toreador.

On Tuesday M. Salèza sang Faust delightfully when he was in tune, but his voice is exasperatingly unreliable. Madame Suzanne Adams gave her gentle, somewhat austere, representation of Marguerite. M. Plançon again showed himself to be the Prince of Mephistos. M. Seveilhac was an admirable Valentine.

Wednesday was an important night, for Madame Melba received a great ovation in "Rigoletto." Verdi's opera is always a very popular one, for it gives every opportunity vocally, and Madame Melba, with the new Italian tenor, Signor Caruso, was not slow to seize the obvious advantage. Signor Caruso has a vitality and exuberance of expression that carries the audience with

him, and a voice that, though powerful, is always melodious. Rigoletto was played with dramatic lightness by M. Renaud, and Madame Kirkby Lunn sang Maddalena.

The Thursday performance of "Die Walküre" was chiefly distinguished by Madame Nordica and Herr van Rooy's really magnificent handling of the last scene. Herr van Rooy as Wotan is majestic: his voice never fails him in his bursts of rage and grief. Madame Kirkby Lunn sang Fricka and Frau Lohse Sieglinde.

On Thursday afternoon, May 15, a brilliant performance was given in aid of the Prison Rescue work. Mr. Arthur Coke has a genius for collecting talent of every kind together in the sacred name of charity, and he rarely gives his audience a disappointment, for his artists not only lend their names, but actually appear. It is impossible with so many artists to do more than note with appreciation Mr. Hayden Coffin, Mr. Faber's artistic skit on various actors, Miss Topsy Sinden's clever dance, Mr. Rutland Barrington's humorous recitations, the Earl of Yarmouth's whistling, and Miss Marion Jay's and Madame Nettie Carpenter's beautiful violin solos.

On Thursday, May 15, an excellent Ballad Concert and Costume Recital was given to a large and enthusiastic audience in the Royal Victoria Hall, when Donizetti's "Daughter of the Regiment" was admirably sung. The recital was under the direction of Madame Alice Barth, who sang the rôle of the Countess of Berkenfeld. M. I. H.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The Archbishop of Canterbury and Mrs. Temple spent the Whitsuntide recess in the cathedral city. While in Canterbury Dr. Temple passes as much time as possible with his old friend Dean Farrar, whose health has of late given cause for grave anxiety.

The Bishop of Ripon has been in Cornwall for a short holiday, and spent some days at Falmouth.

Canon Henson was the principal speaker at the recent anniversary meeting of the West London Mission in St. James's Hall. He mentioned that he had received letters from all parts of the world on the subject of a closer reunion amongst the Christian churches. He himself is convinced that by such a union alone is it possible to mobilise effectively the forces of Christianity. Canon Henson is a fluent and powerful speaker, and his voice was more easily heard in St. James's Hall than in Westminster Abbey.

One of the most generous of London churches is St. Jude's, Kensington. Its Year-Book for 1901, which has just been issued, shows a total income of £6479. This large sum has been entirely contributed in offertories and other church collections.

The appointment of the Rev. E. F. Every to the bishopric of the Falkland Islands has won cordial approval from the Anglican papers. The *Record* reminds us that Mr. Every rapidly made a name for himself in the diocese of Durham. One of the Auckland Castle students of the



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late Bishop Lightfoot, he had at ordination given himself loyally to parochial work, while showing a keen interest in foreign missions. No better occupant of the office to which he is called could have been thought of.

Prebendary Whitworth, Vicar of All Saints', Margaret Street, has again been seriously ill, and is obliged to cancel all his engagements. It was hoped that a few weeks' rest would restore him to health without the necessity of an operation. This hope, however, has not been realised.

Lord Halifax last week laid the foundation-stone of the new tower of St. John the Evangelist at Cowley. The late Bishop of Oxford dedicated the main portion of the church in 1806. The cost of the tower is estimated to be about £3000.

The new organ of Holy Trinity, Marylebone, was used for the first time on the Sunday before Ascension Day, and in the afternoon Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was performed. A memorial window to the late Canon Robinson, who was for some years Rector of Holy Trinity, has been lately dedicated.

The meetings of the Congregational Union last week were remarkably successful, alike in point of numbers and enthusiasm. The presence of that popular young Scotch preacher, the Rev. Hugh Black, of Edinburgh, at several of the most important gatherings, added greatly to their interest. Dr. Parker was unfortunately obliged to be absent from his pulpit on the Sunday before the Union's meetings, but enormous crowds assembled to hear Mr. Black. Dr. Horton was elected to the chairmanship of the Union by a very large majority.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Feb. 27, 1892), with three codicils (dated Aug. 9, 1897, Jan. 29 and Aug. 1, 1901), of Mr. Henry Tate, of Bolney House, Ennismore Gardens, who died on Feb. 12, was proved on May 8 by Mrs. Grace Tate; the widow, and Sir William Henry Tate, Bart., and Edwin Tate, the brothers, the value of the estate amounting to £725,129. The testator bequeaths £1000, the use and enjoyment of Bolney House, and an annuity of £5000, to be increased to £6000 at the discretion of his executors, to his wife; £100 each to his brothers William Henry and Edwin; £1000 each to the Manchester New College, the Northern Hospital, the Royal Infirmary, the Blue Coat Hospital of Liverpool, and the Convalescent Institution, Woolton; £2000 to the Hahnemann Hospital and Homœopathic Dispensary, Liverpool; £500 each to the Unitarian Domestic North End Mission and the Unitarian Domestic Mission Chapel, Beaufort Street, and the Ladies' Charity and Lying-in Hospital; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for all his children in equal shares.

The will (dated May 30, 1901), with a codicil (of May 31 following), of Lieutenant-General Augustus William Henry Meyrick, Scots Guards, of 9, Wilbraham Place, S.W., who died on March 26, was proved on May 10 by Romer Williams, the sole executor, the value of the estate being £343,962. The testator bequeaths all the property coming to him by the death of the late Duchess of Cleveland to his wife, for life; £10,000 to his son-in-law Arthur Alston; £2000 to Miss Harriet Alston; £5000 to his grandson Llewellyn Alston; £2000 to his

son-in-law Commander Lionel Coxon, R.N.; £1000 each to his grandchildren Lionel Henry and Winifred Coxon; £1000 each to Nina, Mabel, and Harry Russell; £10,500 to Romer Williams; £150 per annum and a miniature of Anne of Cleves, by Holbein, to Miss Charlotte Davies; and legacies to servants and others. He further gives all his property at or near Cheltenham and securities producing £500 per annum to his daughter Mrs. Fanny Elizabeth Alston; other securities producing £300 per annum each to his daughters Mrs. Edith Selina Coxon and Kate Laura Meyrick; securities producing £350 per annum to his daughter Mrs. Louisa Augusta O'Reilly; furniture of the value of £200 each to his three married daughters; and £300 to his daughter Kate Laura. The residue of his property he leaves to his daughters Mrs. Alston, Mrs. Coxon, and Mrs. O'Reilly, his nieces Mabel and Nina Russell, and his cousin Louise Pennell, in equal shares.

The will (dated Jan. 30, 1901) of General William Charles Forrest, C.B., Colonel 11th Hussars, of Uplands, Winchester, who died on April 1, was proved on May 3 by Captain Robert Henry Forrest, the nephew, and Caesar Litton Falkiner, the executors, the value of the estate being £101,043. The testator bequeaths £8000, upon trust, for his brother, John Henry Forrest, and his children; £5000 to his nephew Robert Henry Forrest; £5000 to the children of his nephew Elton Forrest; £4000 each to his nephews George Atherley William Forrest and Wilford Frederick Forrest; £1000 to Hamilton William Atherley; £500 to Mrs. Emily Forrest; £105 each to the Royal Hants County Hospital, the



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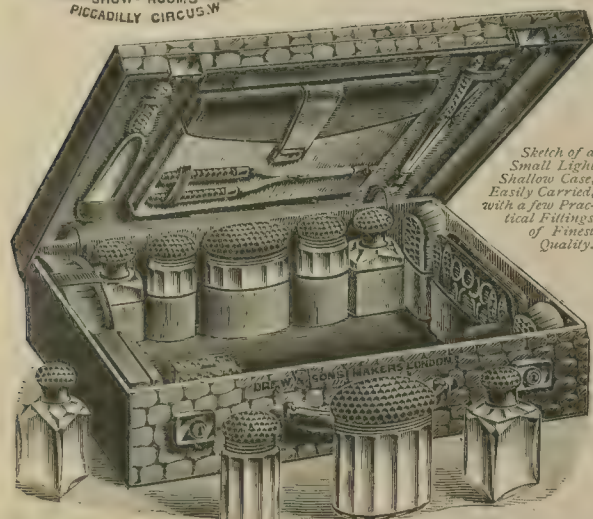
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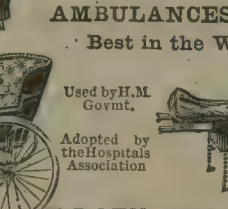
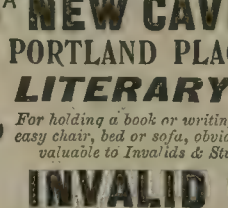
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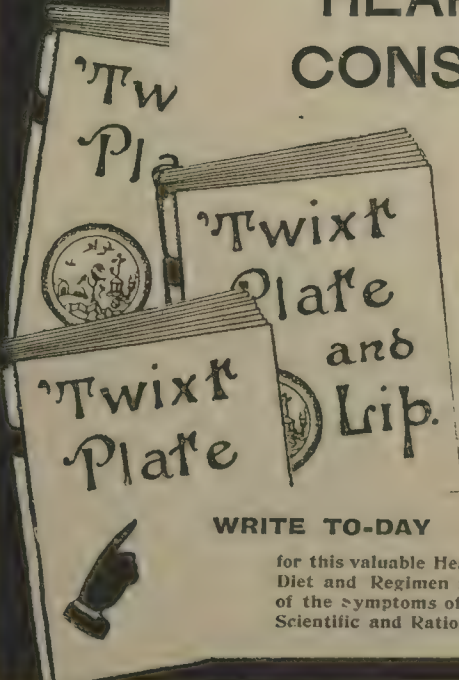
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Royal School for Daughters of Officers in the Army (Bath), the Soldiers' Daughters' Home (Hampstead), and the Cambridge Asylum for Soldiers' Widows; and other legacies. General Forrest leaves the residue of his property to his wife, Mrs. Tempé Eleanor Mary Forrest, absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 6, 1901) of Sir William Anderson Ogg, ex-Sheriff of London, of Oakfield, South Dulwich, who died on April 15, was proved on May 3 by Easton Mackie Ogg, the son, and John Paterson, the executors, the value of the estate being £72,666. The testator bequeaths 211 English and Scottish Bank shares and 125 Bank of New Zealand shares to his son Easton Mackie; 200 English and Scottish Bank shares and 125 Bank of New Zealand shares to his son Gordon Campbell; 500 shares in J. and P. Coats to his children, Cornelia Blanche, Agnes Hopkinson, Gordon Campbell, and Easton Mackie; £500 to his daughters; and small legacies to relatives. The residue of his property he leaves as to one moiety to his son Easton Mackie, and one moiety, upon trust, for his son Gordon Campbell.

MADRID IN THE DAYS OF SAN ISIDRO.

I sometimes wonder whether many of the people who write and speak evil of Madrid have ever visited the city. Granting the situation leaves much to be desired, and the cold winds from the Guadarrama are ever anxious to terminate the life and sufferings of folks with weak lungs, it must be conceded that a city cannot be judged fairly by its action upon invalids. Let all weaklings avoid Madrid, or visit it only in April, May, October, and November; a more robust people may enjoy its charm in all but the dog-days, and a city with the Prado, the Picture Galleries, the Puerta del Sol, and the Plaza de Toros of Madrid may raise its head even in company of the other European capitals. A stroll through the heart of the town with some man of years and understanding, who has seen history shaping itself in the last half-century, affords a lesson in politics not to be despised. "Give a dog a bad name," says a proverb, which goes on to predicate the dog's fate, and the remark applies to Madrid. So soon as the summer heat grows intense, all who have the means and leisure hurry away to San Sebastian; the city is as deserted as Hyde Park in late August. But

there is one week in spring when the sun is not too unkind, and the flowers and trees in the Prado are at their best—a week that sees thousands of travellers come and go, a week of gaiety and universal festival, of closed shops and impassable streets—the week of the patron saint of Madrileños, San Isidro.

The saint's history is matter of small account. I have been told of his great achievements at the Navas de Tolosa, but I have forgotten them, and as they are doubtless apocryphal, no harm is done. Madrileños know nothing about him, except that he stands for holiday, and the saint by any other name would be as desirable and dear to them. In his honour the railway companies run trains from the four points of the compass; even Portugal crosses the border and is affable. Trains are of two kinds—fast trains, which only stop at all the stations, and ordinary trains, which stop between the stations as well. Old men and women who still wear the half-forgotten costumes of their provinces come into Madrid for their annual holiday. Basques and Catalans, Valencians and Andalusians—all avail themselves of the festival, with the result that pure Castilian Spanish

At some time or other every possessor of a camera has wished to take pictures of objects in rapid motion. He has become tired of his continual photographs of landscape and still life—charming though they may be. He has wished, perhaps, to secure some souvenirs of sports he has attended—of a hundred different things; and in spite of all his care, he has been rewarded by failure. The accompanying picture shows that for such failures his apparatus is to blame. This picture, which to the sportsman must be extremely interesting, is one from a new catalogue issued by C. P. GOERZ, dealing with his Anschütz Folding Camera (the instrument with which this striking photograph was obtained). This catalogue, which is one of the finest ever produced in the photographic trade, is crowded from end to end with pictures equally novel—views both of London and on the Continent, of the Queen's Funeral, horsemanship, and golfing pictures. There are but few really high-class cameras on the market, and competent judges would without question rank the



Goerz Anschütz Folding Camera very highly among these, if not actually placing it in the premier position, for the instrument has every desirable quality in its favour. Its lightness, compactness, the fact that it can be used with either plates, cut films, or daylight loading cartridges, must commend it to everyone using a camera for pleasure; while the excellence of its results convinces the most serious of workers that these features have not been obtained by any sacrifice of efficiency. The catalogue, although, of course, intended to illustrate the capabilities of this well-known camera, is nevertheless of extreme interest to every reader of *The Illustrated London News*, since it shows in a most striking manner the possibilities of modern photography. It is well worthy of more than a passing perusal. It may be obtained, if *The Illustrated London News* is mentioned, and 4d. postage sent, of C. P. GOERZ'S West-End Agents, the London Stereoscopic Co., 106-108, Regent Street, W.; or from C. P. GOERZ, 4 and 5, Holborn Circus, London, E.C.

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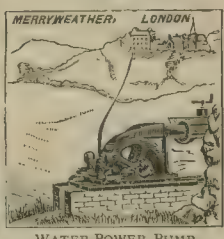
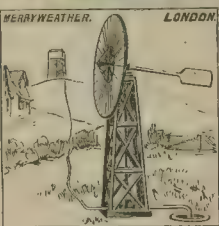
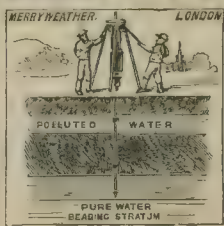
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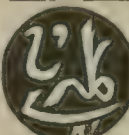


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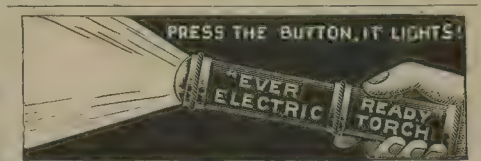
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goes out to a discount, and one is tempted to believe that the days of the Tower of Babel have returned. Outside the town there are horse-races and a great fair, to which rich and poor, high and low, go with unfailing regularity, relaxing for the few days the rigid bands of class distinction. Since part of the day is intolerable, a generous proportion of the night is substituted for it, and he who thinks of sleeping in house or hotel near a main thoroughfare imagines a vain thing. Cars, cabs, carriages, "rattling down the stony street," are the terror of the small hours. From all the great public buildings—Madrid is very well supplied with them—the red and yellow standards of Spain float lazily, as though to emphasise the town's surrender to amusement; the park is thronged with carriages, and the paths are crowded in manner recalling the Ladies' Mile in Hyde Park on a fine June Sunday. The chance visitor who knows Madrid out of the season stares in amazement. Only one place in the town affords rest and shelter, and that is the Picture Gallery of the Prado, where the famous collection of Velasquez pictures may be examined at leisure, though the crowd be swollen to quite unwieldy dimensions outside. Madrid and its visitors do not go to see Velasquez: I am afraid that most of the visitors never heard of the gentleman; they go to the Plaza de Toros instead. San

Isidro must have been a man of blood; the *fiestas de toros* held in his honour are quite unusually horrible. Six bulls and twelve horses, killed by two matadors and their *cuadrillas*, suffice the Madrileño when the times are normal. When the days of San Isidro come round, three matadors are engaged, sometimes eight bulls are killed, and if much less than a score of horses pay the death penalty, the patrons of the "sport" express their dissatisfaction in howls and threats that tend to deprive the bull-ring of its last outward connection with civilisation. It is a curious fact that when Spain has a religious festival of any description the bull-fights are extended, and the sacrifice of animal life is on the largest possible scale. Is this a remnant of the old instinct that led to the celebration of sacrifices in the name of religion?

The commercial morality of the average Spaniard is hardly strong enough to endure the critical test of San Isidro's fête. Even the lethargic ones, who are well content with slow profits in normal seasons, succumb with little struggle; the rest would like the saint to have a festival every other week. Authority, which settles certain charges in normal times, retires from the scene, and the rate of payment is determined by the apparent prosperity of the man who seeks to have services rendered.

There are few amusements to beguile the Madrid night for the man who is outside the inner social ring; but during the week of San Isidro's honour the veriest beggar need not complain. Visitors seem determined to make Madrid gay, in spite of the city's normal austerity. It assumes quite a Southern mantle; the echoes of its streets wake to life with national songs; military bands respond to the gaiety of crowds. For the time being, all classes forget their difference: the Catalan forgets his wish to be separated from the Castiles, the Basque forgets his Carlism, the Republican forgives the Carlist, the Socialist endures the priest, and the priest looks kindly upon all men. Statesmen and members of the royal house, who at other times would receive scant notice and consideration, are recognised and greeted: the joy of the festival unites all differences, and the old wounds are healed—for a week. Doubtless there are irreconcilable people who will protest actively or passively as long as they live against any and every state of things, but they have the good taste to stay away from Madrid, or, if resident there, to refrain from any action that may mar the universal harmony. It is hard to remember how often in the last fifty years the city has been given over to indiscriminate bloodshed, to barricades, assaults, military law, and all the other horrors associated with civil war. S. L. B.

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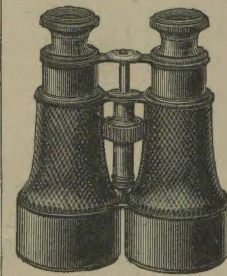
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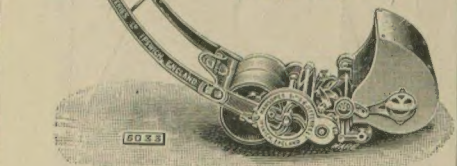


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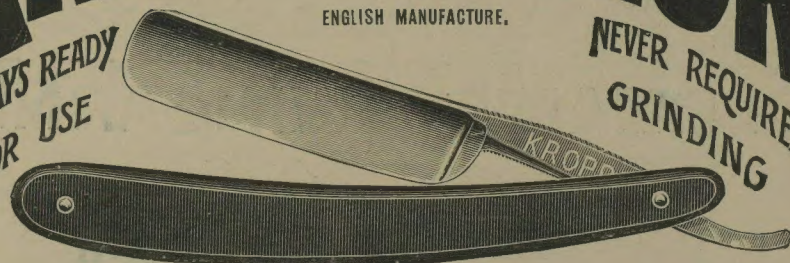
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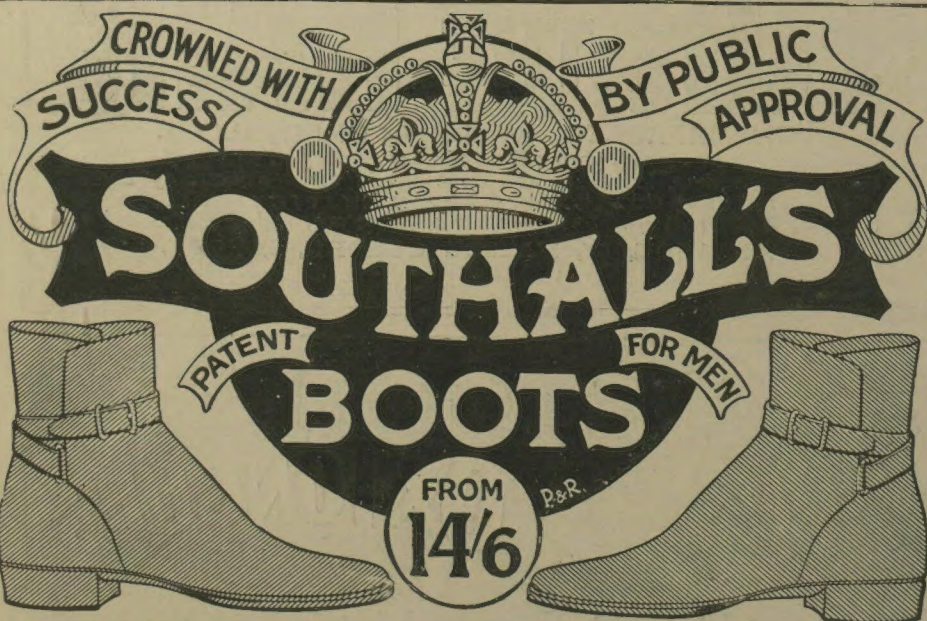
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